



THE
IRISHWOMAN
IN
LONDON.

VOLUME I.

In the Press, and speedily will be published.

A WINTER AT ST. JAMES's.

A Novel, in Three Volumes.

THE

Irishwoman in London,

A MODERN NOVEL,

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY

ANN HAMILTON.

" I will a round unvarnished tale unfold."

SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME I.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE preceding Narrative was originally written in Letters from Mrs. O'Gorman to her friend Miss Charlotte ———, and under that form sold to the Publisher. Immediately after disposing of it, the Author left town, and the Publisher conceiving it not so saleable, altered it from Letters to Chapters; the Author was ignorant of such an alteration having been made till the First Volume was nearly printed. She mentions this circumstance to account for a slight inconsistency in the manner of telling the

story, for which she hopes that this statement of the truth will, by a candid and generous Public, be admitted as an excuse.

"I HAVE at last, dear Charlotte, complied with your desire, and arranged the narrative I have so often promised you of my past life. I make no apologies for the *manner* in which I have done this, since I know that to you my story, however told, will be interesting; and should you read it to your friends, you have but to say, that it is an Irish tale, and blunders will be looked on as things of course.

"Adieu, and believe me

"Ever yours."

THE IRISHWOMAN IN LONDON.

CHAPTER I.

Some account of my Grandfather, the Honourable Patrick O'Brien—Modern Times anticipated in a Marriage of interest on one side, and vanity on the other—The Consequence such as might be expected—The Lady finds out that she is very ill-used, and her Husband rewards her blind confidence in his affection, by generously providing her the necessaries of life in retirement, while he dissipates her fortune.

MY mother's father, the Honourable Patrick O'Brien, was descended from,

and related to some of the first families in Ireland. Being a younger son, and of small patrimony, a profession was thought necessary for him; and at an early age he entered the army.

The Church would have been indeed the choice of his family, who could have secured him high ecclesiastical preferment, but which my grandfather thoroughly disliked. Not so much I fancy from motives of piety, (though his ostensible reason was that he felt no call to take upon himself the care of souls) as from an idea that his really handsome figure would be disguised in the clerical habit.

His father, a truly good man, finding Mr. O'Brien's objections to the Church insuperable, and in his opinion well founded, bought him an ensigncy at the age of twenty; and it must be allowed that Mr. O'Brien, if his reputation in the military world was not likely to be

very great, had the honour of being singularly well with the ladies. He might indeed, without much vanity, apply to himself, and the fair sex in general, Cæsar's celebrated motto—"*Veni vidi vici.*" Female hearts fell before him in dozens.

Though thoughtless and extravagant, Mr. O'Brien was not destitute of worldly prudence. Among the many young and beautiful girls who gave him the most flattering reasons to suppose they would think themselves honoured by his preference, he selected Miss O'Carrol. This lady was young, pretty, and well born, but her strongest attraction in the eyes of Mr. O'Brien, was a fortune of thirty thousand pounds; in those days considered as immense, and which was entirely in her own power. Her relations indeed made all the opposition they could to her marriage, on the score of prudence; but Miss O'Carrol

liked Mr. O'Brien, and she was determined to marry him, for two reasons, which to most very young ladies would appear perfectly satisfactory. The first was, three or four of her most intimate female friends would be rendered miserable in being deprived of all hope of securing him to themselves: the second was a still stronger reason, that reformed rakes have been, time out of mind, allowed to make excellent husbands.

Mr. O'Brien was indisputably a rake, therefore his being the best husband in the world could not be doubted. Miss O'Carrol's family were indeed absurd enough to use many old-fashioned arguments against the latter of these reasons, for the former she did not think necessary to give them; but the young lady's reading had been amazingly extensive in *novels*, and she brought forward so many precedents in support of

her opinion, that if she did not convince, she at least silenced her antagonists; and being determined to act in exact conformity to the rules of romance, she, with a degree of generosity, which was ill repaid, left every thing relative to settlements entirely to Mr. O'Brien, who was *so* full of love and rapture, and found the lawyers *so* tardy, that if his angel would but condescend to bless him with her dear hand, every thing could afterwards be arranged entirely to her satisfaction. Indeed there was nothing to do but lay out her fortune in the purchase of an estate, to be settled on herself and her children, should Heaven be pleased to increase his felicity by sending him any cherub resemblances of his adored Ellen. The lady could not but compassionate a lover, whose sincerity—female vanity would not allow her to doubt, and the

marriage was accordingly celebrated with the utmost gaiety and splendour.

For some time Mrs. O'Brien was the gayest of the gay—united to a man whom she loved as well as she was capable of loving any thing, and leading exactly the sort of life she liked, hurrying incessantly from one scene of amusement to another, she was perfectly lost in a delirium of pleasure. From this blissful dream she was awakened in a manner the most unpleasant. I have told you Miss O'Carrol's fortune had been the attraction with Mr. O'Brien, and from the moment he obtained her hand he considered her in no other light than a creature for whom he was obliged to provide the necessaries of life; and how to do this in the cheapest possible manner was a point on which he bestowed much consideration, and here, my dear Charlotte, I must pause a mo-

ment to observe to you, in justice to my countrymen, that my grandfather in this part of his character was singular. Irishmen, generally speaking, are either very good or very bad husbands; but however indifferently they may behave in other respects, they seldom think of circumscribing a wife's expenses, unless they are themselves very hard pressed for cash.

Mrs. O'Brien had now been about two months married; the dissipated style in which she lived, and the admiration her really pretty person excited, had prevented her hitherto from noticing any alteration in her husband's behaviour; and indeed he was too politic to throw off the mask immediately.

A night's ill success at hazard sent him to the breakfast-table one morning in no very pleasant humour. Mrs. O'Brien's usual expressions of fondness

were received for the first time with coldness.

"What was the matter? She was sure he was not well?"

"He was not indeed well—he had a violent head-ache."

Mrs. O'Brien was very sorry, she would rub his temples, or bind a handkerchief round his forehead; or he should lean his head on her shoulder for a few minutes, and perhaps the pain would go off.

As she spoke she threw her arm round his neck, when to her utter astonishment, Mr. O'Brien rudely repulsed her. It is true, the next moment he begged her pardon, and saying he was too ill to converse, left the room.

Mrs. O'Brien was petrified; could it be possible a man who loved, who idolized her; a man too for whom she had done so much? She could not credit her senses.

The next moment she fancied he might have met with something to vex him; he was ill too, that thought subdued her pride—she flew to his study; the door was fast.

"It is me, my dear O'Brien," said the lady, in her softest sweetest tone.

Mr. O'Brien was busy, and could not be interrupted. His wife retired to her dressing-room, in a state of mind which it is not very easy to describe. A woman of sense in such a situation might have felt much uneasiness; but she would form a thousand excuses for a husband which never occurred to Mrs. O'Brien.

Man is naturally a lordly animal, and however he may be attached to a wife, he looks upon her attentions as exclusively his right; and though he might be displeased if those attentions were withheld; yet if he is engrossed by other

things he is but too apt to receive them with indifference.

The second honey-moon we must, however, confess was *rather* too early, if Mr. O'Brien had really loved his wife; Mrs. O'Brien, who had not an idea that he ever would lay aside the doating lover, was equally enraged and astonished, and most unfortunately adopted the very worst method that could have been thought of for recovering his affections, admitting she had ever possessed them.

She determined, by convincing him that she felt herself extremely ill used, to make him ashamed of himself, and had no doubt that a few haughty expostulations would bring him to her feet.

An elegant modern authoress, a countrywoman of mine, observes most justly, "never was departing love recalled by

the voice of reproach." For the first time since their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien were to dine *tête-a-tête*. The lady descended to the dining-parlour with a firm determination to support the rights of her sex, and a large stock of arguments to convince her husband that he had outraged her feelings by behaving in a manner perfectly inconsistent with the inviolable tenderness and affection which he ought ever to show her.

The dinner-hour passed, Mr. O'Brien did not return. She waited near an hour. A note came at last, to say he had met a friend with whom he should dine, and probably spend the next day, a few miles from town. The style of the note, if not very affectionate, was polite, but the subject, mortification itself; and Mrs. O'Brien positively determined that as her husband seemed wholly to have forgotten the vast ob-

ligations she had conferred on him, he should be reminded of them, and the moment they met, she burst into a torrent of reproaches. Mr. O'Brien heard her with a coolness truly philosophic; he thanked her with a sneer, for the favours she had done him, and observed she had forgotten that he made her every return in his power; that her fortune was certainly a large one, and if she had been inclined to marry merely from mercenary motives, she might have done better; but he desired she would recollect, that he had as much the advantage of her in point of family as she had of him in money. (This was, unfortunately for Mrs. O'Brien's pride, an unpleasant truth.) He added, that she had, by arrainging his conduct without any reason whatever, induced him to assure her he never intended to be a mere passive tool to any woman's humours. Had he married a princess, he

would exert, if needful, all the authority of a husband, and if she meant to live quietly she would find it the wisest way to desist from reproaches and remonstrances, which he would never again take the trouble to listen to; and with a cool bow he left the room.

Violent hysterics into which Mrs. O'Brien immediately fell, had no effect in bringing the cruel man to reason, though her situation was just now such as required affection; but though she kept her bed three whole days, he never personally enquired after her, though he sent a polite message generally twice in the day by his valet, to her woman, who, being much attached to her lady, took care to represent her as ill as possible.

Three days spent in her own room had the effect of completely opening Mrs. O'Brien's eyes to her husband's character. Fortunately for herself, her

feelings were not strong; she could not indeed be deceived into a belief that he had married her from motives of pure affection; but she consoled herself by passing a general censure on all mankind, whom she pronounced equally ungrateful and inconstant, since, if her charms and tenderness had failed in securing a husband's heart, no woman could, she thought, hope to be more fortunate. She recollected her mother had frequently told her that love always subsided after marriage, at least on the part of the husband (it is hardly necessary to observe, Mrs. O'Carrol had been herself a neglected wife). This observation Mrs. O'Brien had always treated with contempt; but she now endeavoured, by persuading herself into a belief of its truth, to account for Mr. O'Brien's strange behaviour.

The idea that he had married her solely from interested motives was too

humiliating to be borne, even for a moment, and she preferred the thought, mortifying as it was, that Mr. O'Brien was tired of her, to a belief that he had never liked her.

In her situation the latter opinion was natural enough. I have said that she was pretty, and you must perceive not overburthened with sense. Of real and sincere love she had not the most remote idea. She had married Mr. O'Brien from motives not much less reprehensible than those which induced him to unite himself to her. Had he been disposed to have even made a good husband, with such a wife he would have been miserable, since she would expect a blind submission to her will, and an unremitting adoration, that no man of sense could pay. She was ignorant how transient the reign of even true passion is, and that a woman whose sole hold on the heart is through the me-

dium of the senses, loses her power when she loses the attraction of novelty.

Mrs. O'Brien having pouted and exclaimed at her ill fortune in parting with her liberty to such a brute, began to discover that fretting spoiled her pretty face, and that company was more pleasant than reflections on what could not now be helped.

The fourth day she condescended to appear at dinner. Mr. O Brien behaved with politeness, and for some days things went on in the nsual manner. Mrs. O'Brien had not since her marriage heard any thing of the settlement of her fortune on herself, and it occurred to her that it would be very proper to mention it. Mr. O'Brien was offended—did she doubt his honour? every thing should be done that he had promised, in proper time, but there was no hurry about it.

His visits to the hazard-table became more frequent, and in a few weeks, though his luck had been fluctuating, he found himself a very considerable loser.

I have said Mr. O'Brien was not destitute of worldly prudence in all respects, but that of gaming, he had more than usually falls to the share of his volatile countrymen ; but his passion for dice swallowed up every other. He was not, however, wholly destitute of principle. A small estate in the romantic and beautiful county of Monaghan, was advertised for sale. There was a good, though plain house on the premises. He purchased it, and *generously* settled on his wife about the sixth part of what she brought him. He affected to speak in raptures of his new purchase, and expressing a desire to shew it to Mrs. O'Brien, she willingly agreed to his proposal of going thither, as she supposed

merely for a few days, to look at it. I should vainly try to picture to you her indignation and surprise, when on her declaring that she did not at all like it, and thought it a strange romantic place, Mr. O'Brien coolly told her, he was sorry for it, but he hoped she would in time become reconciled to it, as in future it would be her home.

The storm of passion which this intelligence raised in the breast of Mrs. O'Brien, nearly unsettled her reason. Her husband had the humanity to remain at Elm Grove, (so he had named his new purchase) till she began to be a little calm, and then promising to return speedily, he set off for the metropolis.

Mrs. O'Brien's establishment at Elm Grove, though parsimonious to what she had been accustomed, was yet that of a gentlewoman. The neighbourhood was genteel, and the ladies inclined to

pay all due homage to her superior taste and elegance. These circumstances were most fortunate for Mrs. O'Brien, as no human creature could be less calculated for a life of solitude.

I think it is Voltaire who observes that "solitude is a charming thing, but we always want somebody to whom we can say, solitude is a charming thing." The thought is equally pretty and just. Even the best regulated and most accomplished minds, however they may feel thomselves dissatisfied with the world, find a total deprivation of society irksome; but to a woman, who had no mental resources whatever, it would have been wholly insupportable.

Often, however, but vainly, did Mrs. O'Brien sigh for the delights of dear Dublin, and the Castle balls, equally distinguished for elegance and hospitality, where she had shone the envy of many a rival belle.

In the short visits Mr. O'Brien made to Elm Grove, she tried all ways of persuading him to suffer her to pass even two months of the winter in town, but he was inexorable.

Mrs. O'Brien would not have been a woman if she could have loved him after the treatment she had received, which certainly was, on his part, ungenerous in the extreme; and she made the only return in her power, by hating him with the greatest inveteracy. To her hatred or her love he was alike indifferent; his whole thoughts were engrossed by play.

Three years had now passed over, in which time fortune had been rather favourable to him; but one unlucky night stripped him of some thousands. He was the father of one child, a boy, and Mrs. O'Brien was again in the family way. It is true his fortune was not very materially injured, but he

might by two or three more such nights be ruined. The chances indeed were equally in his favour, as to recovering his loss. Somebody says, " The woman who deliberates is lost ;" and I believe the same observation may with equal propriety be applied to a gamester.

Mr. O'Brien was in the state of mind I have described, when an invitation to dine with what is called a jolly party was delivered to him. He accepted it with an idea that he would be entirely out of the reach of temptation, as Mr. O'Donovan, his host, never played ; but, unfortunately, for his half-formed good resolutions, among the company was the Chevalier Valcour.

This gentleman was an adept in the science of gambling. He rendered himself extremely agreeable to O'Brien, and the consequence was a warm invitation to dinner, which the Chevalier accepted.

A few interviews convinced the crafty Frenchman, that with a little address, Mr. O'Brien would prove a pigeon well worth plucking. In short, not to dwell on this part of my story, in a little time the unfortunate O'Brien was pillaged of more than half his property.

Suspicions of the Chevalier at length obtruded themselves on his mind. He was convinced he had been cheated, and with the hot-headed rashness peculiar to his country, instead of endeavouring to recover his money, he thought only of punishing the winner. He challenged the Chevalier, who readily accepted it; only requested three days to settle his affairs, and settle them he did.

Mr. O'Brien was not the only person whom he plundered, though not to so great an extent. It was generally believed he had realised a very large sum, with which he made his escape to France, and was never heard of afterwards.

I might say, my grandfather, in some measure, owed his ruin to the hospitality of his country; for in Ireland, a male stranger of prepossessing appearance, needs little recommendation to make him well received.

You have often rallied me on my national prejudices, and with justice, for I must acknowledge myself sufficiently an Irishwoman to glory in their virtues; and hospitality has never been denied them, even by those who have most censured and misunderstood the national character.

CHAP. II.

A Nabob arrives from India at a critical crisis for Mr. O'Brien—Modern friendship—My Grandmother restored to society—Miss O'Brien makes her debût *in the Irish world of fashion—Unsuccessful in her matrimonial speculations—My Mother presented at the Castle—Proposed for by Counsellor Fitz-Patrick—Dances with Captain O'Hara—An Irishman's philosophy.*

If there is nothing of novelty there is much of truth in the observation—"That the blind goddess frequently dispenses her favours to the most unworthy objects."—This trite saying was verified

in a manner the most fortunate for Mr. O'Brien. A very distant and illegitimate relation of his, had (many years before the period of which I am now speaking,) been, through the interest of Mr. O'Brien's father, sent to the East Indies as a cadet. The odium attached in this country to those unhappy beings who labour under the misfortune of being illegally born, is nothing comparatively speaking to the contempt in which they are held in Ireland. However unjust every rational being must acknowledge such a prejudice to be, it is one of those to which the Irish, generally speaking, are blindly and zealously attached.

Mr. O'Brien, senior, had been urged by a wish to get rid of a person whom he considered as a disgrace, as well as by motives of humanity, in endeavouring to provide for this young man, to whose father he was distantly related. There

was indeed another motive, which, in the breast of a man of honor and humanity, was alone sufficient.

Mr. Smyth, the father of the young cadet, had been the friend and companion of Mr. O'Brien's boyish days. He died at a very early age, leaving this boy, with a very small sum, all, however, that he had to bequeath, to the care of his cousin.

Mr. O'Brien fulfilled, in the most conscientious manner, the trust reposed in him; and had young Smyth been of an amiable disposition, it is probable that he might have made, spite of prejudice, a strong interest in the breast of his benefactor. It was the reverse, from his earliest infancy Smyth had given every indication of a bad heart; and from the time he went abroad, he never wrote to his generous relation. Mr. O'Brien, senior, interested himself so far, as to make frequent enquiries how

he went on, and finding he had obtained a lucrative situation, he rested satisfied in a consciousness that he had done his duty, and troubled himself no farther about a being so destitute of gratitude.

I have hitherto forgot to mention to you, that a short time previous to his son's marriage with Miss O'Carrol, Mr. O'Brien died; a circumstance very unfavourable to that lady, as he would certainly, had he lived, taken care his son should have made her a proper settlement.

But to go back to Mr. O'Brien. While he was more than half distracted with the idea that his own mad folly had reduced him from affluence to mediocrity, Smyth returned from the East Indies, immensely rich, and willing to purchase consequence and respectability at any price. Had he indeed known enough of life to have made his *debût* in the fashionable world

of London, his money alone would procure him an introduction to the very first company; but whether he was ignorant of this circumstance, or whether it was his wish to shew his relations, (by all of whom, except Mr. O'Brien's father, he had been neglected and despised,) that he could afford to vie with the first nobility in expense and magnificence, I cannot tell.

He arrived, as I have before said, at a most fortunate moment for Mr. O'Brien, on whom he immediately waited, and who graciously accepted the excuses he condescended to make for having so long neglected the only branch of his family to whom he owed any obligation.

Mr. O'Brien was a man of high fashion. His notice, and the deference he seemed to pay to this mushroom Nabob, gave him a degree of consequence he would otherwise have sought in vain.

Mr. O'Brien was too polite to acknowledge his actual situation, well aware that to seem to want money, is not by any means the way to obtain it; and that the moment you lay yourself under an obligation, your consequence is (without the nicest management) irrevocably gone.

While Mr. O'Brien was one morning deeply engaged in ruminating by what means he could get a few thousands from Smyth, he thought of a place at Court, the income of which would enable him to go on in his usual style. He intimated this to Smyth, with a hint that though it would be a most advantageous thing, he could not *just then* spare the money.

Mr. Smyth took the hint. The place was purchased and presented by him to Mr. O'Brien, who received it with thanks and a *proper* degree of *surprise*. Highly obliged as he felt himself, he had not an

idea of taxing his cousin's generosity. His cousin, flattered by the appellation which was bestowed for the first time, begged him to say nothing about it. Money was no object, and he felt happy in an opportunity of returning in part the obligations he considered himself under to his late revered relative, as well as in evincing the sincerity of his friendship for Mr. O'Brien.

Friendship! My dear Charlotte, how often am I out of patience by the various prostitutions I meet with of that sacred name, and never perhaps was there a greater than in the present instance. I am not one of those refined speculatists, who believe, or affect to believe, that friendship is a sentiment only to be found in the most pure and exalted minds. Human nature, I fancy, is neither so good or so bad as our modern philosophers would persuade us; and there are many people who,

whatever may be their other frailties, are yet capable of sincere and disinterested friendship: but men or women of the world, I am convinced, never are.

"A man of the world," says an elegant essayist, who has been justly styled the Goldsmith of the present age, and whose writings bespeak an excellent heart as well as a perfect acquaintance with mankind, "views every man as valuable to him; and the moment he is introduced to a stranger, makes it his whole study to consider how he can *make use* of him."

In this light exactly did these two *dear friends* consider each other. Mr. O'Brien's situation was a lucrative one. He became a favourite with the then Viceroy. He saw, or fancied he saw, in Court-favour, advantages for himself which he had not hitherto thought of,

as well as a means of providing for an increasing family.

Mrs. O'Brien was almost wild with joy at being recalled to Dublin, and allowed, under certain restrictions, as to expense, to spend her future winters there.

It is but justice to Mr. O'Brien, to declare, that from this time he renounced gaming entirely. Mr. Smyth, still a young man, made several unsuccessful attempts to marry. Birth was an indispensible qualification in the lady honoured by his choice, and youth was also necessary, as his principal reason for thinking of matrimony, was the hope of an heir.

Unfortunately, the first lady at whose feet he thought of throwing himself and his riches, was Miss O'Neale, sprung from one of the oldest milesian families, and possessed of more than the usual share of milesian pride. She wondered

at the man's assurance, and gave him to understand, in terms not the most polite, she would not disgrace her family for all the dirty money in the world.

As she published his offer and her rejection, he found himself for some time awkwardly situated. Many ladies, who would have waved his want of birth, were deterred from having him, because they would not accept a man whom Miss O'Neale had refused. At last, the daughter of a Scots Laird took pity on him, and he had the *honour* of becoming a member of one of the most ancient families in Scotland, and the *pleasure* of providing for all his wife's indigent relations—not a few in number by the bye.

This marriage was a severe blow to the interest of Mr. O'Brien, who, beside the place I have mentioned, had derived considerable advantages from the generosity of his cousin. They still

continued, however, on terms of intimacy and apparent friendship. Years rolled away — Mrs. O'Brien had had several children, of whom three only survived—a son and two daughters.

Charles O'Brien strongly resembled his father in person, and a little in disposition, but he had more good nature and less prudence, or rather cunning. Miss O'Brien was her mother's counterpart in person and mind. She too resembled her father in being extremely clear-sighted to her own interest, and she was his as well as Mrs. O'Brien's favourite. Clara, the second daughter, was beautiful, and of a disposition the most amiable, with a good understanding and a sprightly wit—she was gentleness itself.

Miss O'Brien, who was four years older than her sister, was presented at the Castle on her eighteenth birth-day. It was not then so usual as it has since

been, for young ladies to be puffed into notice; but my grandmother, to do her justice, ought to have lived in our days. Few of our modern mamma's could set about getting husbands for their daughters with more activity and better management.

The beautiful Miss O'Brien was the *ton*. No expense was spared to render her so. But, unfortunately, generally as she was admired, no proposal of any consequence was made for her. Mrs. O'Brien was equally astonished and indignant—what could be the reason of it? The girl was really pretty, and it was natural enough that her mother should consider her a perfect Venus. The men therefore were insensible and blind. Another winter, however, she had no doubt, would see her Ellen splendidly married. To her serious mortification, another winter passed

over. Miss O'Brien was toasted, admired, adored, and still Miss O'Brien.

Clara was now sixteen, and very contrary to the inclination of her mother, Mr. O'Brien insisted on her being presented. Mrs. O'Brien did not wish that Clara should be seen till Miss O'Brien was disposed of; but her husband was arbitrary, and however unwilling, she was obliged to obey.

Clara's taste in dress was naturally simple and elegant, and Saint Patrick's day being fixed on for her presentation, was favourable to a display of it. If in the morning she appeared beautiful in a hoop, and the studied paraphernalia usual on such occasions; in the evening, at the ball, in a simple muslin dress trimmed with artificial flowers, the work of her own hands, she looked a little divinity.

Naturally modest and ingenuous, Clara was still a woman, and certainly

was by no means displeased with the admiration she excited.

Among the number of her adorers was Mr. Fitz-Patrick, heir to a good fortune, and from his abilities and connections, looking forward to the highest dignities of the law. He was the first that proposed for Clara O'Brien. Her father would immediately have accepted him, but Clara was still so young, and the admiration she excited had been so great, that he thought it probable she might have much better offers. His usual policy, however, induced him to tell Mr. Fitz-Patrick, his daughter's choice would be his, but he thought her still too young to make one; nor could he think of entering into any positive engagements for her.

Mr. Fitz-Patrick accepted with rapture the liberty of being allowed to visit at his house, and gave his honor not to avail himself of it to pay Clara

any particular attention without her father's permission.

Mr. O'Brien had two motives for this conduct. He was determined to accept Fitz-Patrick's offer, if a better did not occur; and as Miss O'Brien was apparently so much less likely to go off than Clara, he hoped it was possible that Fitz-Patrick might be induced to turn his thoughts to her.

To do Mr. Fitz-Patrick justice, he kept his promise to the father of his mistress, and Clara would have been wholly unsuspicious of his regarding her with any particular partiality, but for the information of his eyes. Nature had given him a very speaking pair, and he wisely considered Mr. O'Brien had not interdicted the use of them. Young as Clara was, they told a tale she sufficiently understood, but did not feel at all flattered by. Mr. Fitz-Patrick was not indeed a character with which hers

could ever assimilate—naturally dictatorial, there was a cold *hauteur* in his manner, which even his love for Clara could not wholly subdue; and when her father questioned her as to the state of her heart, he found the young counsellor's pleadings were not likely to gain him this cause.

His Excellency the Marquis had for some time been Viceroy, and much beloved by the people of Ireland. He was now recalled, and succeeded by Lord ———. Captain O'Hara, the youngest branch of a noble but indigent family, was appointed one of the new Lord Lieutenant's aides-de-camp.

At the first ball given after his Excellency's arrival, Captain O'Hara danced with Clara O'Brien, and they were universally allowed to be the handsomest couple in a ball-room distinguished for beauty and elegance. Perhaps there is not in the world any nation so susceptible

of first impressions as the Irish—and never was there a greater excuse for love at first sight. Both young, handsome, and amiable, each saw the other admired by every one.

Equally free from coquetry and affectation, Clara received the marked attentions of her partner with an ingenuous simplicity, and an unconsciousness of her own charms, that rivetted poor O'Hara's chains.

The favour he enjoyed with the Viceroy, secured him an introduction to the parties of Mr. O'Brien, and for some time he thought of nothing but the delight he felt in seeing Clara. He was roused to a sense of his danger by overtures made him from the relations of a lady, whose fortune, family, and person, were unexceptionable, and who had for some time been partial to him.

Her parents were dead; and an uncle, who was her guardian, finding she

refused every offer of marriage made her, some of which were brilliant, questioned her so closely as to the state of her heart, that she acknowledged her predilection for Captain O'Hara. Her uncle would have been better pleased had her choice not fallen on a mere soldier of fortune, but in every other respect, he could not help acknowledging O'Hara would not have disgraced the choice even of a princess. His family, one of the first in the kingdom; his person and manners, a confessedly sufficient excuse, independent of the amiability of his temper and the strictness of his principles.

The old gentleman after pausing a little, and shaking his head, told his niece she might do a great deal better; but he supposed reasoning with a girl in love was perfectly useless, therefore not to throw away his time, he only wished to know if she meant to per-

severe in rejecting every other offer for the sake of a man whom she had no reason to suppose partial to her.

The poor girl's tears and blushes would have been a sufficient answer to most people; but Mr. Moore (the uncle) would have a *verbal* reply.

Thus strongly pressed, she owned she felt it impossible ever to think of any other man; and as she could not hope for her uncle's approbation, even if Mr. O'Hara loved her, she had resolved to continue single, and to devote her future days to her dear uncle, if he would suffer her to do so.

This was touching the right key with Mr. Moore. He possessed an unlimited authority over his niece's person and fortune, and had she been inclined to rebel he would have exerted it; but the uncomplaining submission of her manner, and perhaps the tenderness she expressed for himself, (for who is there so devoid

of self-love, that would not be flattered by such a compliment) completely subdued him.

He gave her a kiss, bid her dry her eyes, and he would see what could be done for her.

As it never entered the old gentleman's head that O'Hara could possibly refuse his niece, he made no ceremony of proposing her to him directly.

Hitherto O'Hara had never dared to look into his heart. He was by no means foolishly romantic. Had he never seen Clara he would not have hesitated about marrying Miss Moore. Both her person and temper were sufficiently amiable to secure the regard of any man she honoured with her hand, provided his heart was disengaged; but poor O'Hara acknowledged with a sigh, that his was irrevocably gone—could he then be villain enough to repay the partiality of a generous unsuspecting girl, by giv-

ing her his hand, while every thought was Clara's? No, every principle of honor forbid that; he owned to Mr. Moore that his heart was engaged, and declined the lady's hand in a manner that made the uncle almost as much in love with him as the niece.

O'Hara now seriously determined to conquer his passion, and began by *heroically* absenting himself three whole days from Mr. O'Brien's. He meant to have done so for a week; but on the third day he discovered it would be rude to neglect a family who had treated him with so much attention and politeness; but he would behave with the utmost circumspection—not a glance should tell Clara what he suffered; it was best she should ever remain in ignorance how much she was beloved.

He went, but had no opportunity of putting in practice these *prudent* resolutions. Clara was not visible. Mrs.

and Miss O'Brien received him as usual, and invited him to a ball, fixed for that day week. Common politeness required him to ask for Miss Clara. She was gone into the country for a few days. O'Hara promised to do himself the honour of attending Mrs. O'Brien's ball, and returned home convinced that he possessed a degree of resolution and self-command very uncommon. Her mother had not said when Clara would return. It was proper though for Captain O'Hara to make two or three morning calls previous to the ball, and if he felt very much disappointed at not seeing her, it was only because he was impatient for an opportunity of convincing her that he had no intention to be particular in the attentions he paid her.

Lovers, dear Charlotte, are seldom good reasoners — how indeed should they? Love and reason, I believe, have

always been found incompatible. Not a syllable had ever passed between Clara O'Brien and Captain O'Hara indicative of love on either side. He had indeed paid her those attentions, which, as Sterne says, are neither so pointed as to alarm, nor so vague as to be misunderstood. He had thought there were moments when they were not misunderstood.

Once at a ball, where he had danced with Clara he was attacked with a hoarsenes. When he attended the ladies to their carriage, he thought Clara's good night had in it more than her usual softness, and when she said God bless you, Mr. O'Hara, pray take care of yourself, there was a flattering earnestness in her manner; nay, he almost fancied she returned the pressure of his hand; if she did, it was in a manner so slight as to be almost imperceptible; but it thrilled O'Hara's every nerve. He

thought of this little circumstance while he was dressing for the ball, and for some moments it put his philosophy completely to flight.

" Clara, angel !" sighed he, " must I then for ever renounce the sweet hope of calling you mine ; but what hope can I have ? How, without the most dishonourable meanness, can I think of endeavouring to gain her affections, destitute as I am of the means of supporting her in that style of life to which she has always been accustomed. The pride and hope of her family ; young, beautiful, accomplished, and nobly born, to what alliance may she not aspire ? and shall I, from the most selfish motives, treacherously steal into a generous unsuspecting heart, without having it in my power to make any other return than a life devoted to her, and an income that will barely procure for her the necessaries of life ?

"Heavens! could I bear to see a woman formed for the highest circles, in a situation so humiliating, and reduced to it by my own folly? No, dearest Clara," went he on, apostrophising, "never, never shall you reproach me with having taken advantage of your youth, and a disposition the most ingenuous Heaven ever formed, to induce you to bestow yourself on a beggar. Never will I see that expressive and lovely countenance, on which I have gazed with rapture, despoiled through my fault, of those beauteous tints of health, which now light it up with such delightful animation.

"If, as I have dared to flatter myself, you behold me with some little partiality, perhaps you may one day know how much, how very much I suffer for your sake—perhaps though surrounded by splendour when that moment arrives in which I may, in which I dare ac-

knowledge all, you will own O'Hara was not unworthy of you. Such, my dear, were the *wise* resolutions formed by my father, and singularly wise they were for an Irishman. Let me tell you, making and keeping good resolutions are, however, too very distinct things. How far Captain O'Hara put his in practice I will tell you in my next chapter.

CHAP. III.

Lord S—— offers himself to my Mother —Her distress on the occasion removed by her Sister—Irish finesse more than a match for English phlegm —Miss O'Brien succeeds in gaining Lord S—— from her Sister—A renewal of Counsellor Fitz-Patrick's offer—Good resolutions broke through— An elopement and a marriage—Love, poverty, and content.

No woman was more formed to prove the truth of Thomson's lines, so often quoted, that "loveliness is, when unadorned most adorned," than Clara O'Brien. Her dress for the ball was in

her usual simple style; there was nothing of ornament about her, except a few pearls in her hair. O'Hara's eyes involuntarily sought hers the moment he entered, and the vermilion tint that overspread her cheek, the eye at one moment sparkling with delight, and the next timidly withdrawn from his ardent gaze, told O'Hara he was no unwelcome guest.

Lord S———, a young English nobleman, had engaged her hand for the two first dances. O'Hara, she thought, would certainly solicit it for the next. How was she mortified when he paid his compliments in a cold and hurrying manner, and turned from her the moment he had done so, to engage one of the prettiest women in the room.

I have told you my mother was one of the gentlest beings on earth, but she was a woman, and an Irishwoman. There is a native haughtiness in the

Irish that renders them keenly alive to the smallest slight, and a true milesian would sooner forgive a serious injury than a trifling affront.

Captain O'Hara had hitherto treated her with the greatest attention; why should he thus strangely withdraw it? What had she done to him? were questions she rapidly asked herself; but not being able to answer them, a suspicion exceedingly injurious to poor O'Hara took possession of her mind. Miss Malone, the lady with whom he danced, was, next to Clara O'Brien, the most admired girl of the day. Clara indeed was much her superior in beauty and accomplishments, but Miss Malone possessed one attraction that would in any country be acknowledged powerful. An independent fortune of twenty thousand pounds—was it possible O'Hara could mean to pay his court to her rival by an open slight to herself? It was

possible, and Clara's lively imagination instantly converted it into a certainty, but she would convince him it was a matter of perfect indifference to her where his attentions were paid; and full of resentment, she turned a willing ear to the florid compliments of her partner Lord S———.

Womanish pride enabled her to assume an appearance of vivacity that was far from real, and the young Englishman, spite of the phlegm of his country, was completely fascinated.

Nothing perhaps can more strongly mark the difference of character in the English, Irish, and French, than their behaviour to the fair sex. An Englishman (I do not speak of that non-descript race of fashionables who lounge about in every public place, and from whose licentious gaze, rank, elegance, or modesty is no protection,) rarely pays any attentions to a woman to whom he

is indifferent, but those which common politeness exacts; and even those with a degree of coldness and apathy.

The frivolous and indiscriminate gallantry of the French to every thing that wears a petticoat, of what rank, age, or figure soever, is too well known to need a comment.

Irishmen in general, have a happy mode of uniting the apparent sincerity of the one with the politeness of the other. Less frivolous and more tender than the latter, they are infinitely more dangerous. A woman unused to the manners of the country, would imagine herself beloved by a man whose sole object was to amuse her and himself for the moment.

But to return to Lord S———, Clara without being sensible of it, coquetted for the first time in her life; but the smiles she bestowed on his Lordship

were daggers to the heart of O'Hara; and when in answer to some observation of his Lordship's, she said she would much like to visit England, his philosophy fairly forsook him, and in turning Clara, he could not help whispering, "how have I deserved this?"—Amazed, yet delighted, she made no reply, but for the moment she enjoyed a happiness the most transcendant.—O'Hara loved her, and every consideration of prudence was lost in the transporting idea of being dear to a man, whom she now, for the first time, acknowledged to herself had the sole possession of her heart.

The lovers had no opportunity of conversing that evening, except with their eyes, and I fancy they were sufficiently explanatory. O'Hara blamed himself for his rashness, and owned with a sigh, that his resolution *ought* to have been stronger, but he was con-

soled by remembering the greatness of the temptation that had induced him to break it.

He was now determined to come to a full explanation with Clara, to acknowledge to her his passion, and his firm resolution never to make her the victim of it; if once he did this, he flattered himself his mind would be easier; and in the course of a few days an opportunity offered. The lovers mutually promised to forget each other, and parted with a firm intention of endeavouring to do so.

But what became of Clara when she understood from her father, Lord S—— had proposed for her, and was accepted. True, she had promised to forget O'Hara, but to accept another was impossible, yet she had no rational objection to make to his Lordship, and what she did venture to say was treated by her father as mere girlish nonsense.

He told her sternly it was his will that she should marry Lord S———, and he desired to be obeyed without the least appearance of reluctance.

It was soon known that Lord S——— visited at Mr. O'Brien's as Clara's acknowledged lover, and O'Hara was one of the first who heard the intelligence. Though half distracted, he had too strong a sense of honour to avail himself of the interest he knew he possessed in the heart of Clara.

An accident, however, occurred which served him effectually. I have before told you Miss O'Brien was her mother's darling. Such a match as Lord S——— would completely have gratified her views for her favourite.

The reluctance Clara expressed to receive the addresses of his Lordship gave Mrs. O'Brien a hope that a little manœuvring might induce him to transfer

them from her youngest to her eldest daughter.

A grand consultation took place between Mamma and Miss, the result of which was, the most particular attentions on the part of Miss O'Brien to his Lordship. He had not yet made a declaration in form, of his passsion to Clara. When he did, she dared not refuse him; but the coldness of her manner was sufficiently mortifying to his self-love.

He ventured to hint to her mother that he thought the young lady did not seem very favourably inclined towards him. Miss O'Brien, who was present, said hastily, she was sure that was impossible.

The words and the confusion which the lady *seemed* to feel after she had uttered them was not lost upon his Lordship. Mrs. O'Brien was surprised, but

she was sure Clara had no attachment—she was still very young; in a little time there was no doubt she would be properly sensible of his Lordship's merit.

A little time passed on, and Clara seemed to have lost none of her ice; though his Lordship took uncommon pains to thaw it—Miss O'Brien's attentions were unremitting. Clara was an angel, but her sister was certainly a very charming young woman—was he inclined to establish an interest in her heart, there could be little doubt, he thought, of his success.

While matters were in this state, Miss O'Brien became suddenly very dejected; and there was something of harshness in her mother's manner to her which Lord S——— never saw before. The mystery was soon explained—Mrs. O'Brien informed him, under the strict

est injunctions to secresy, that she was the most unhappy woman in the world. Miss O'Brien, who had never in her whole life opposed her parent's will in any one instance, now positively, and without assigning any reason, refused an offer of marriage, the most unexceptionable; indeed the most brilliant. What to think of it Mrs. O'Brien could not tell—she did not wish to force the inclinations of her child, but an offer like this was not to be despised. His Lordship seemed to have great influence—indeed Miss O'Brien already looked on him as a brother—would he have the kindness to talk to her. His Lordship had the kindness, and the result of the conversation may easily be imagined.

With the best acted confusion in the world, Miss O'Brien confessed it was out of her power to obey her parents; her heart was already gone—in every other

respect, her duty should be her pride; but she would never—no, never marry.

Miss O'Brien was pretty, and at that moment Lord S——— thought she looked interestingly beautiful. Somebody says " Love cannot exist without hope."

Clara, the inexorable Clara, did not seem at all inclined to give him any; her sister evidently loved him; and though she thought it impossible her passion should be returned, she was willing to sacrifice for him a brilliant establishment. Nay, she meant to continue for ever single. It never occurred to this sapient sprig of nobility that the brilliant establishment existed only in idea, and that his title and fortune had infinitely more charms than himself for Miss O'Brien.

It was, however, natural enough for him to believe himself beloved. He was young, handsome, and if not pos-

sessed of a *very* great understanding; was yet, to use a common, but significant phrase—no fool. In short, he was a man who might have made his way to any woman's heart; but Nature in forming Miss O'Brien had totally forgotten to give her one. Lord S——— acknowledged to the fair disconsolate, that her charms, and a hope he was not wholly indifferent to her, had for some time gradually weaned his affections from her sister; if he was fortunate enough not to be mistaken, he would be the happiest of men in being allowed to hope for the honour of calling her Lady S———.

It is needless to say that the lady permitted him to speak to her father, whose consent was very easily obtained: Clara had scarcely time to congratulate herself on this unhoped good fortune, when she was again destined to a simi-

lar, and yet more severe trial. Mr. Fitz-Patrick had, on the first application of Lord S———, been politely dismissed by Mr. O'Brien.

The death of a near relation had considerably increased Mr. Fitz-Patrick's fortune, which was before very handsome. He had also risen in his profession, and might confidently look forward to the woolsack. His pride was, indeed, not a little hurt at the idea of being dismissed; but he loved, or fancied he loved Clara too well to give her up while any hope of obtaining her remained.

He renewed his application to Mr. O'Brien, and desired a *positive* answer. Mr. O'Brien readily gave his consent, and laughingly reproached his future son-in-law with some infraction of their former treaty. Clara he said had refused Lord S——— in a manner that gave him some reason to suspect a pre-

possession in favour of another, and he could not help fancying, though he knew Mr. Fitz-Patrick's honour would not allow a declaration of his passion, that his merits had rendered Clara insensible to an offer most girls would have deemed themselves happy in accepting.

Not one syllable of what he was saying did Mr. O'Brien himself believe, but his ingenuous and sincere manner completely imposed on the unsuspecting Fitz-Patrick, who, surprised and delighted, embraced O'Brien with almost as much warmth as he would have done Clara herself.

Immediately on the young counsellor's leaving him, Mr. O'Brien sent for his daughter into his study. After some animadversions on her conduct to Lord S———, which Clara heard in silence, he acquainted her with Fitz-Patrick's offer, and sternly told her it was his

positive order she should not behave to Mr. Fitz-Patrick in the manner she had done to his Lordship.

The terrified Clara besought her father not to force her to marry a man she disliked. Mr. O'Brien rarely condescended to reason where he might command; but on the present occasion he broke through his usual rule, and desired to know his daughter's objections to Mr. Fitz-Patrick.

Poor Clara could make no other than an insurmountable aversion. Mr. O'Brien told her this objection was childish. No woman whose heart was disengaged could form a rational objection to a man so every way unexceptionable.

While he spoke he looked at Clara with a scrutinizing eye—hers were bent to the ground, but her altered colour, and the agitation of her whole frame, for the first time gave Mr. O'Brien a sus-

picion of the truth. It was one his maxims that we should never allow ourselves to be angry. He told Clara that he saw she had, by indulging a prepossession which must be wrong, since not sanctioned by him, forfeited every title to that affection he had hitherto shewn her.

He would not enquire who the object of it was—one means of regaining his regard was yet open to her—a ready and cheerful acceptance of Mr. Fitz-Patrick. Clara lifted to her father an eye of agony, but he turned from her unmoved, and saying he would take care to prevent her disgracing the family, left the room.

When Clara had tacitly agreed to accept the hand of Lord S——— it was in the hope that if her coldness did not disgust him, an appeal to his generosity might induce him to decline her hand.

The politic manœuvres of her sister had rendered the latter step unnecessary, and her only chance of an escape in the present instance, she thought was to try it. Had Fitz-Patrick resembled Lord S——— in disposition she would probably have succeeded; but mortified as he was to find himself mistaken in the flattering hope that he was not indifferent to her, his regard was of too selfish a nature to allow him to resign her. Perhaps his pride suffered more than his heart, while, with an appearance of placidity he lamented his ill fortune in not being agreeable to her, and hoped, that sanctioned as he had the honour to be by her father, that circumstance and the unremitting attentions he should pay her, as well as the inviolable affection he must ever feel for her, would in time make an impression on a heart so gentle.

Poor Clara made no reply. Fitz-Patrick's pride prevented his owning to Mr. O'Brien his ill success, and that politic gentleman fancied he had over-awed his daughter into a perfect acquiescence with his wishes; and to say truth, many were the struggles of Clara's mind.

To marry Fitz-Patrick was not to be thought of for a moment, and to disobey her father's positive commands seemed equally impossible. Had my mother been bred a Catholic, a convent would have presented a happy asylum; but she was a member of the Established Church.

Something, however, she must resolve on, and that speedily; and as solitude and silence would, she conceived, be more cogenial to her feelings than the bustle of company, she asked and obtained leave to pay a visit of a

few days to a maiden relative of her mother's, an old lady who had always been very partial to her.

Mr. O'Brien indeed took the precaution to privately inform Mrs. Delane what had happened, and to request she would keep a strict eye on his daughter. O'Hara knew were Clara was gone—he had never visited Mrs. Delane, but there might be a chance of seeing Clara only *once* more. There could be no possible harm in a last farewell, and the most rigid honour he thought did not forbid that. Mrs. Delane's house was at the Black Rock, with the romantic and beautiful scenery of which you are, from description, well acquainted.

On the second day of her arrival, Clara strolled out in the morning about a mile from the house. A deep reverie into which she was fallen was suddenly interrupted by the sight of its object. Thrown completely off her guard, Clara

owned her passion, and her fruitless endeavours to subdue it. With streaming eyes she told O'Hara she must never see him again; but you, dear Charlotte, know human nature too well to be surprised that his distraction, his ardent supplication for only one more interview, and his solemn promise that it should be the last, induced her to consent to meet him the following evening in the same place.

On her return to the house, Clara found Mr. Fitz-Patrick. He had availed himself, he said, of her father's kindness for a letter of introduction to Mrs. Delane, who pressed him to stay dinner, which he did. His attentions to Clara were more than usually marked, and she thought there was a freedom in them he had never before assumed.

After dinner she sat down to the harpsichord, and while, like Milton's Adam, he hung over her enamoured, she saw,

or fancied she saw, a triumphant expression in his eye that exceedingly displeased her.

"This man," thought she, "already looks upon me as his property."

When he took his leave, Mrs. Delane, after some high encomiums on Clara's choice, as she called Mr. Fitz-Patrick, gave her a letter from her father. It was very laconic; her sister's nuptials he told her were fixed for that day month, and he chose that hers should be celebrated at the same time.

"Farewell then," thought Clara, "for ever to every hope of happiness."

The night was spent in fruitless endeavours to reconcile herself to her fate; but the morning found her as averse as ever to an union with Fitz-Patrick.

Fortunately, as Clara thought for her, he had returned to Dublin, and there was no obstacle to her meeting O'Hara;

for this meeting she summoned all her resolution. She repeated over and over to herself the arguments she meant to make use of to him, and she fancied at last she could bid him farewell with some degree of fortitude.

The sight of O'Hara convinced her how much she had over-rated her strength of mind; and while he franticly called on Heaven to secure to her that happiness, of which he for ever renounced the hope, she wept, in an agony that told him more forcibly than words, how much she sympathised in his sufferings.

Frightened at the disorder into which he had thrown her, O'Hara in vain begged her to be calm.

At length ashamed of giving way to her feelings, she strove to appear more composed. She owned to O'Hara that independent of her predilection for him, she felt the srongest dislike to Mr.

Fitz-Patrick; "but my father insists on my obedience," said she again, weeping, "and alas! I have no alternative."

"Yes, dearest Clara," exclaimed O'Hara, "there is an alternative, if you could deign to accept of my hand; but selfish as I am, how dare I ask you to accept a man who is little better than a beggar, and for whom you must forego every advantage."

"You have a right to expect, were I only to consult my own felicity," replied she, "driven as I am to the alternative of wretchedness, or disobedience, I would not hesitate; but never, never, O'Hara, will I bring to your arms a portionless wife."

The transported O'Hara scarcely allowed her to finish the sentence. A repetition of his arguments would be unnecessary to you, my dear Charlotte, who possess a sufficiently romantic and warm imagination to fancy all that even

an enamoured Hibernian could say in such a situation. Suffice it to tell you, that nearly distracted by the idea of her approaching marriage, which she saw no other means of evading, Clara promised her lover to elope; and as she would be obliged to return to Dublin in three days, the following evening was fixed on for their flight.

The lovers had none of the *usual* difficulties to encounter. The Black Rock is situated a few miles only from Dublin. O'Hara returned thither imdiately, and was fortunate enough to procure a passage for himself and Clara, in a packet that was to sail the morning after the night fixed on for their elopement.

He had a chaise in waiting a short distance from the house, and as soon as the family were retired for the night, Clara joined him.

With transport did O'Hara receive

her, and while, for the first time, he clasped her to his heart, he vowed that his whole life should be devoted to proving to her how highly he valued the inestimable proof she then gave him of her regard; and most truly did he keep his vow.

A few hours landed the young couple in safety at Holyhead. Their marriage followed of course as speedily as possible, and that was succeeded by letters to Clara's family. Captain O'Hara had not any relations living, whom it was necessary to consult. He had indeed an elder brother, whose character was the reverse of his own, and with whom he had not been for a long time on good terms.

Clara's anxiety for letters from Ireland may be imagined; but when they came, they served only to convince her that suspense is sometimes preferable to certainty.

Mr. O'Brien and his lady formally renounced their daughter, and her brother and sister were interdicted from corresponding with her. Over Miss O'Brien, now Lady S———, parental authority was indeed at an end, but she chose to be very dutiful, and much as she regretted the loss of her sister's society and correspondence, she could not think of opposing the will of her dear parents.

The short and cold letter which announced this *sisterly* determination to Mrs. O'Hara, was little regarded by her. Lady S——— had never loved Clara, and she was ungenerous enough to rejoice in this first opportunity of wounding her feelings. Though naturally gentle and affectionate, Mrs. O'Hara did not want for either sense or pride; she saw her sister's conduct in the right light.

The affluent Lady S——— thought it

prudent to *cut* the indigent Mrs. O'Hara, lest the nearness of their relationship should induce her to solicit from her Ladyship pecuniary assistance.

"I would perish first!" thought Clara. Her father's letter—for her mother did not condescend to write, indeed cost her many tears. After recapitulating the advantages of the alliance she had lost, he ended, by telling her, the beggary she had voluntarily embraced, might henceforth be her portion—he would never receive or acknowledge her as his child; and if she presumed to write again, either to her mother or himself, her letters would be returned unopened.

Her brother, who had been always fond of her, did not write, and this neglect of his, hurt her very much.—While she read her letters, poor O'Hara looked at her with a countenance in which self-condemnation was very visi-

ble. She gave him her father's to read, while she again looked over Lady S——'s.

O'Hara's eyes sparkled with indignation, but a glance at Clara made him suppress it.—" Can you, dearest of beings, forgive me?" said he, taking her hand in his.

" Forgive you, my love!" replied she, with an assumed gaiety; " can you forgive me for encumbering you with a destitute damsel, whose only portion seems likely to be an old fashioned stock of love? But one day or other, my parents may be convinced that it is possible to be happy without being rich. I will live in the hope that I shall yet obtain their forgiveness. In the mean time, let us, dear O'Hara, immediately devise some plan for living within our income. Whatever that may be, believe me, your Clara will not shrink from any mode of life, however humble,

with which it is possible for you to be content."

"Oh, Clara, every way an angel! how much, how very much do you surpass even my opinion of you," replied the doating husband, as he folded his lovely wife to his bosom.

Their return to Ireland was indispensible, from the situation Captain O'Hara held as aide-de-camp to the Lord Lieutenant. Scarcely were they returned, when his Excellency was recalled, and Captain O'Hara lost his situation. His half-pay, a small annuity for life, and a few hundreds, were all that he could call his own.

My father had, indeed, some intention of entering into foreign service, with a hope of being able by so doing, to make some provision for his wife, but her tears were irresistible arguments against this step; and retiring into the country and turning his sword into a plough-

share, was, after mature deliberation, the choice of Mr. O'Hara.

Charles O'Brien had convinced my mother he did not mean to observe the prohibition of his father with respect to her. Immediately on her return to Ireland, he visited her and behaved with the utmost kindness. He was not, indeed, of a disposition to spare much from his own pleasures, but he had always been fond of Clara, and he presented her with a couple of hundreds to help to stock the farm, he said. O'Hara and Charles had always been on the best terms, and their meeting was equally friendly on both sides.

Clara's affectionate heart rejoiced to think that she would at all events be secure of the friendship of one branch of her family, and she knew Charles would do her every good office with her father that was possible.

A little property that was advertised

to be sold in the county of Derry, O'Hara thought would answer his purpose. He took Clara to see it. They were mutually pleased with the situation, and in a few weeks they were settled in their new purchase.

Clara's style of dress had been always simple, but O'Hara could not help sighing, as he surveyed her in that she thought necessary to assume, in order, as she said gaily, to *look* the farmer's wife.

"Does happiness, dear O'Hara," said she, tenderly, (translating her husband's looks when he saw her for the first time in her housewife's dress,) "depend on what we wear? Think you, that as the wife of Fitz-Patrick, though decked in diamonds, I could ever feel that sensation of delight which I experienced yesterday, when, after two day's absence, you declined the invitation of a party of friends, whom you had not seen some

time, merely because you would return to your Clara? Don't think," added she, laughing, "that this is a wifeish hint, if I may coin a phrase, that I should expect you to do so again. No, dear George, I never wish to abridge your pleasures—too happy shall I think myself if I can add to them."

I shall tire you, dear Charlotte, with the foolish speeches of this old fashioned couple. My father hoped to increase his little income by farming his own land; but Ireland is the worst place on earth for a gentleman-farmer to speculate in. The dislike which the lower class of people have to any kind of innovation, is astonishing.

Mr. O'Hara's liberality in wages, did not procure him a bit better treatment from them, and no longer than while he was himself in the fields, did they pay the smallest attention to their work. It is impossible to persuade them that

there can be any harm in plundering their rich neighbours of potatoes, turf, or any thing else indeed that they can lay their hands upon, money excepted, provided they may do it without danger of discovery.

This disregard to common honesty, does not arise so much from depravity, as ignorance. They are sensible they want those things, and they do not conceive rich people (for all are rich in their opinion, whose situations are superior to their own) can suffer much in losing them. It is no uncommon thing for an Irish peasant to divide with the way-worn stranger, in the morning, those potatoes he has plundered from his landlord the preceding night.

You see, dear Charlotte, I do not conceal or palliate the failings of my poor countrymen—the lowest class of whom, are too often, without knowing

it, disciples of one of our celebrated modern philosophers, who declares that common honesty is one of the non-conductors to all the sympathies of the human heart.

There is not, under Heaven, a people more disposed to fulfil the injunctions of the Apostle Paul, "Weep with those that weep, and rejoice with those that rejoice," than the Irish of every class. Warmth of heart is indeed peculiar to their country, and though it sometimes unhappily takes a wrong direction, and plunges them into the greatest excesses, it is often the cause of the noblest actions. Had the Irish peasantry the same advantages as their English fellow-subjects, what a different race of beings would they become to what they now are. Plunged in ignorance and superstition, their whole lives spent in incessant toil, to procure for themselves and their families, literally, a morsel of

bread, and often, too often doomed to experience the want even of that.

But to return to my story. Mr. O'Hara's speculations did not, you may believe, considerably add to his income, but they were a large addition to his happiness. Hope persuaded him, if he was one year unsuccessful, the next he should be more fortunate. He soon got accustomed to, and fond of a country life. His tenantry grew attached to him, and Mrs. O'Hara they perfectly adored. "It was a pity to be sure that the Captain had not *sinse* enough to let them do their work in the *ould* way, for it stood to *raison* that it must be the best, because it was so *nataral*; but, God bless his heart, he was a good *natered sowl* as *iver* was born, and when poor Larry Grogan's cow died, the Captain *himsilf* was the very man to give him another. As for madam, there never was such a *crature* on earth, in

troth; and she did not belie the good blood of the O'Carrol's and the O'Brien's: if right took place, she would have been a princess—and she *desarved* it."

These poor people are wonderfully tenacious on the score of family in their superiors. Mr. and Mrs. O'Hara were both sprung from the first houses in the kingdom, and that circumstance added not a little to the respect and consideration in which they were held by the lower class. Fortunately for the young couple, they possessed sufficient fortitude to persevere in a frugal and retired plan, though they were strongly tempted to break through it. Several genteel families in their neighbourhood would have been happy in the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. O'Hara, but society would have required an expense and an appearance they could not support. The invitations of the gentry were therefore

declined. People in trade they could not associate with.

A prejudice against trade, is, I am sorry to say, one of the deepest rooted among the Irish of any rank. From this prejudice Mr. and Mrs. O'Hara were not wholly free, and indeed the families in business in their neighbourhood, were not likely to divest them of it.

Whatever London citizens may formerly have been, latterly they have enjoyed the advantages of education and polite society, both which, people of the same class in Ireland are wholly destitute of.

The O'Haras would have been completely recluse, but fortunately the rector of the parish was a scholar and a gentleman; he had also a numerous and lovely family—his wife, a most amiable woman, some years older than Mrs. O'Hara, soon loved her with

almost a maternal affection. This family were English, and for reasons of prudence, they, like O'Hara, declined the invitations of their wealthy neighbours.

Years rolled on, and spite of bad crops and the failure of some speculations, from which he had hoped to derive considerable advantage, O'Hara, of an evening, surrounded by his wife and children, of whom he had now three, would pronounce himself one of the happiest fellows on earth.

One year after her marriage, Clara became the mother of a son, who, at her desire, was named after her father. The second year produced a daughter, to whom she would have given the name of her mother, but O'Hara fondly insisted she should be called Clara. The third year, my dear Charlotte, your friend was born.

I was named after my maternal grandmother Ellen, and Sophia being the

name of Mr. O'Hara's mother, mine requested it to be added in compliment to him; and with the *important* event of my birth, I shall conclude this chapter.

CHAP. IV.

The happiness of Mr. O'Hara and his Family disturbed by the Irish Rebellion—Obliged to fly to Wales—Domestic misfortunes—Death of my Brother and Sister—I lose my Mother soon after—Mr. Fitz-Maurice arrives in Wales—His friendship to us—The death of Fitz-Maurice accelerates my father's—Mr. Morton applies to my Aunt, Lady S———, to receive me—She refuses.

The Irish Rebellion was the first serious interruption to my father's domestic happiness. As he was much beloved not only by his own tenantry but by the neighbouring peasantry, he hoped to

escape the depredations committed on the surrounding families, many of whom quitted their homes and flew to Wales for safety. This was a step my mother much pressed him to take, but to which he was extremely reluctant.

You are not to be told that there were two parties, and those distinguished by the title of Orange-men, were equally violent as the opposite faction. Though sincerely and inviolably attached to his sovereign, and the happy constitution in which we live, O'Hara was no party man.

Mr. Seabright, the rector, and the parish priest, who was also a sensible and intelligent man, used every means in their power to keep their respective parishioners in good order, and in some measure succeeded.

Unfortunately for my father, an information was laid against one of his

tenantry, as being an United Irishman. Though it originated solely in private pique, and the poor fellow's innocence of the charges brought against him was manifest, yet, as my father had, from a consciousness that the man was wronged, came forward in his behalf, he became an object of dislike to the Orange party, which he soon experienced in a manner the most dreadful. His house was set on fire, and with his barns, out-houses, &c. completely destroyed.

Poor O'Hara had only time to save his Clara and her children. How bitterly did he reproach himself that he had not followed his wife's advice and left the country. Mrs. O'Hara used every argument to console him. Her gentle soothings and the exertion it was now necessary to make, roused him.

Mr. Seabright had hitherto escaped;

and at his house my parents found an asylum till they could consider what was to be done. The loss Mr. O'Hara had sustained was very considerable. To quit the country was now his firm determination, and to find a purchaser for his land was no easy matter. A man of considerable property, however, at last bought it on speculation, and my father was glad to accept a sum considerably less than he gave, though the land was much improved during the time he had had it.

This sum my father placed in the English funds, and bidding adieu to their friends, the Seabrights, Mr. O'Hara and his wife quitted Ireland, with a sad pre-sentiment they should never return to it.

My brother was at this time a fine manly boy of fourteen—my sister thirteen, and myself one year younger. We felt, I believe, as much sorrow as chil-

dren could feel at quitting a home so dear to us; but we were quickly consoled.

As her children grew up, Mrs. O'Hara was doubly anxious for a reconciliation with her family. Her brother Charles most unfortunately for her was dead. To Lady S——— my mother could not condescend to apply, and Mr. O'Brien still remained inexorable. The present distressful crisis Mrs. O'Hara hoped might induce him to relax from his severity.

The future destiny of my brother had always been a subject of peculiar anxiety to my parents. My father was himself an elegant scholar; my brother was also a very great favourite of Mr. Seabright's, and that gentleman was always happy when young O'Hara partook of those instructions he gave his own sons.

My brother's wishes seemed to lean to the church. Naturally of a grave

and serious turn, young as he was, he had often declared he would rather be such a man as Mr. Seabright, than a minister of state, or the commander of an army. This disposition of their son gave my parents the greatest pleasure. Mr. O'Brien had the power, were he but possessed of the will, to amply provide for his grandson in the church, through his interest with the great. My brother was named after him, and was his image. Could he but see her son, my poor mother thought she would have every thing to hope.

Alas! while she indulged herself in the most delightful anticipations of her darling's future prosperity it was the will of Heaven to deprive her of him, in a manner the most sudden and dreadful.

About two miles from us was a cottage, inhabited by an old woman, who gained a subsistence by the sale of fruit,

vegetables, and eggs. She had a grandson five years younger than my brother, of whom he was very fond, and whom he frequently made the companion of his boyish sports.

One day the two lads had been taking a ramble in the woods, and on their return, young Owen said he would let Master O'Hara see how fast he could run. Unfortunately, the spot where he commenced his race was the bank of a river, and the road narrow. He had not ran far, when a coach and four driving up, he stepped aside to avoid it, and in doing so, fell into the water. My brother came up almost at the moment; he could swim a little, and instantly plunged in, in the hope of rescuing poor Owen.

A gentleman in the carriage ordered it to stop, and every assistance was given by his servants. They brought out young Owen, but my poor bro-

ther's body lay for some days under water. Proper care soon brought Owen to himself. He shewed a sensibility uncommon for his age, and bitterly wept the loss of his young master, as he used to call my brother.

Language, dear Charlotte, cannot paint to you the distraction of the unhappy parents, when they were informed of this dreadful catastrophe. My mother's grief threw her into a fit of illness, from which we dared not expect she would recover. For nearly three months did my sister and myself, young as we both were, watch by her bed-side, with an attention the most unremitting, while my father wearied Heaven with prayers to restore his Clara, or suffer him not to survive her.

Heaven at length heard our prayers. My mother slowly, but gradually recovered, and in the hope that she would be spared to us we endeavoured to be

reconciled to our irremediable loss. Not long, however, were we suffered to enjoy this mournful state of tranquillity. My sister's constitution, naturally delicate, had been much hurt by her close attendance on my mother; she soon gave symptoms of a decline.

I cannot, dear Charlotte, dwell on this part of my tale. In a few months the dear amiable girl breathed her last, and my beloved mother speedily followed her to the grave. The loss of his Clara was my father's death blow; but he recollected her last words—"For my sake, dearest O'Hara, endeavour to live for your child—what must become of our Ellen if she loses her only protector."

For some days after my mother's funeral my father shut himself up in his own apartment, and I vainly besought admittance. The clergyman of the parish, a humane and sensible man, de-

sired me to suffer him for some little time to indulge his grief.

The third morning this kind friend obtained admission to Mr. O'Hara, and endeavoured by every argument that religion and reason could suggest, to console him. My father was a Christian, and in the divine truths of the gospel he found consolation. The pure and innocent lives of the objects of his affection left him no reason to doubt that their eternal happiness was secured. He consented to see me; and while he clasped me in his arms, and mingled with mine the first tears he had shed since he lost his Clara, he repeated the vow he had made to her to live for my sake.

The expenses of my mother and sister's illness had swallowed up a great part of our small property. A few hundreds only remained in the funds, and my father's half-pay; and this little

sum was all we had to look to for our future subsistence.

In a few weeks after my mother's death, my father determined to make one last application to Mr. O'Brien. He described me with all the partiality of a fond parent. He besought my grandfather to consider the unprotected state in which I must shortly be left, for he felt, he said, that he should not long survive his Clara. In a manner the most pathetic he besought Mr. O'Brien to suffer his resentment to be buried in the grave of his daughter, and if he did not, during the short remainder of my father's life, condescend to see or acknowledge me, yet to suffer him to hope that when death had reunited him to his Clara, his daughter would find protection from her grandfather.

My father waited the event of this letter with more impatience than I ever

saw him shew before. Conceive, dearest Charlotte, what his feelings were, when a letter from Lady S———'s woman informed him of the death of Mr. O'Brien, who had left every thing he had to bequeath to her Ladyship. All my father's native haughtiness was roused at the insult offered him in conveying the intelligence in such a manner.

"Cruel unfeeling woman!" exclaimed he, "how rightly did my departed angel estimate your character, when she declared no distress would induce her to apply to Lady S———, and never, dearest Clara," apostrophised he, "will I seek in this heartless being, a protectress for your child."

"Oh, my father," cried I, "do not talk of any protector for your Ellen, but yourself. You will live—oh yes, I am sure Heaven will spare you to my prayers."

"You, my child," said he, "chain me down to earth; but leave me now, my Ellen."

I obeyed.

When I again saw my father he was composed, and even tried to appear cheerful; but an aching heart was too visible to a daughter's enquiring eye. Mr. Morton, the good clergyman I have mentioned to you, constantly visited us, and endeavoured by every attention to alleviate my father's melancholy.

Mr. Benson, a gentleman who had a beautiful seat in our neighbourhood, now came to spend a few weeks at it, and brought with him a party of male friends. One of his guests happened to be Mr. Fitz-Maurice, the most intimate companion of my father's younger days. Fitz-Maurice was like himself, highly born, and poor; but disliking any of the liberal professions, he went to London; and placing himself in the count-

ing-house of an eminent merchant, whose daughter fell in love with, and married him.

He in a few years, with his wife's fortune and his own industry, amassed a considerable property. He still, however, continued in trade, and was just returned from a trip to Ireland, where he had been to see, and perhaps to mortify his relations, who, though they exceedingly disapproved of his choice of a profession, yet found it very convenient to be on civil terms with a man whose elegant house in one of the handsomest squares in London, was most hospitably open to such of them as chose to make use of it, in their excursions to that city.

The meeting between this gentleman and my father was productive of pleasure on both sides. Fitz-Maurice warmly pressed my father to suffer himself to be introduced to Mr. Benson,

and to endeavour to lose in cheerful society the remembrance of his domestic misfortunes; but no persuasions could induce him to again mix with the world.

Fitz-Maurice finding him inflexible, desisted from urging the point, but declared, that during his stay at Rose Vale, he would try whether my father retained the hospitality of their country, for he was determined to be a frequent if not a welcome guest. He kept his word, and his society was of infinite service to my father.

In one of their confidential conversations, Mr. O'Hara lamented to his friend the small provision he had it in his power to make for me. With equal kindness and delicacy, Fitz-Maurice begged he would make himself easy on that head; he might yet look forward to living many years; but should it please the Almighty to order it otherwise, his

friend's child could never want a home while he had one. Tears stood in O'Hara's eyes while he silently pressed the hand of the benevolent speaker.

Mr. Fitz-Maurice continued, " my wife is one of the best women on earth; in her your Ellen will find a mother, and doubt not, my dear friend, that with your daughter's birth, beauty, and accomplishments, we shall soon get her a husband. She is yet but a child—let her be your comforter for some few years longer, and then I hope you will be reconciled to the idea of mixing with the world, a little of which, your Ellen must see, if we hope to get her suitably established. Come, come, O'Hara, I would lay a good round wager you will yet live to see your lovely daughter outshine her proud aunt. An English merchant's wife, and I do not wish your Ellen better fortune, frequently lives in a style that our first duchesses envy."

My father assured his friend that his wishes for me were moderate in the extreme; but the warm-hearted Fitz-Maurice was so incensed at what he termed my aunt's shameful conduct, that he was determined I should be rich, if only I believe, to vex her. The money in the funds my father placed in the hands of his friend, to lay out to the best advantage for me.

Fitz-Maurice prolonged his stay in Wales on our account for some weeks, and during that time I thought my dear father gradually recovered his rest and appetite, both which he had lost on my mother's death.

Fitz-Maurice at length took his leave, with a promise of writing to us very frequently. My father continued to mend, and peace once more was the inmate of our little habitation.

We had been in Wales nearly two years—I was turned of fourteen. Though

naturally like most of my country-women, of a disposition extremely volatile, the scenes of sorrow in which I had been engaged, had given me a steadiness beyond my age. One fault which has occasioned me considerable uneasiness, and which I have not yet been able entirely to conquer, was an extreme haughtiness of temper. I don't know, dear Charlotte, how to describe to you this peculiar *trait* in my disposition, which you say, in the course of our long friendship, you never discovered. Most people indeed give me credit for gentleness; and it is not until I am, or conceive myself to be insulted, that the natural pride of my temper is perceptible; but the least affront sets my milesian blood on fire in an instant; and as I never could learn the useful lesson of temporising, my uncourtly sincerity has drawn me into many scrapes.

My poor father did not endeavour to

suppress a spirit, that seemed to him hereditary, and which he said, would be useful in preserving me from any thing like meanness.

I was naturally of an affectionate temper, and deprived as I had been of all the objects of my early love, except my father, it is no wonder that I regarded him in a manner little short of idolatry. I strongly resembled my mother, a circumstance that endeared me to him exceedingly.

Our mode of life was the most retired; our only visitor being Mr. Morton, the clergyman I have before mentioned to you. He was unfortunately for me, a single man, so that I had no companion of my own sex. My spirits, however, were naturally very good, and constant employment preserved me from *ennui;* rambles through the woods, and visiting the cottages of our poor neighbours were my only amusement.

I still look back with pleasure to the pure and tranquil happiness I enjoyed in those days—a happiness, alas! I was too soon destined to lose.

Whatever appearance of cheerfulness my poor father struggled to assume, the loss of his wife and children preyed incessantly on his spirits, and by slow degrees, undermined a constitution naturally good.

A hectic cough and violent pain in the head filled me with terror. At my earnest request, seconded by the worthy Mr. Morton, medical assistance was called in. The physician, a man of skill and humanity, saw in a moment the situation of his patient. My father begged to be told the worst, and Doctor M—— acknowledged, without a miracle, his recovery was impossible.

"We must prepare Ellen gradually for this severe trial," said my father to Mr. Morton, when they were alone,

"and that task, my dear friend, must be yours."

"It will be a task indeed," replied the worthy man, "but it is a necessary one, and must be performed."

As Dr. M—— had declared there was no immediate danger, my father wished me to be spared for a few days any hint on the subject: I had been far from well, and he waited till I was perfectly recovered; Mr. Morton merely told me that the Doctor could not yet form an opinion.

How did they both rejoice in their precaution, when at his next visit he declared my father astonishingly amended, and if the favourable symptoms continued, he should have hope of recovery.

A few months passed before he could positively pronounce how the disorder was likely to terminate, and he then too truly declared recovery impossible; but

he said my father might linger months; nay, years. Mr. Morton, with a kindness truly paternal, prepared me for the dreadful blow.

It required all the arguments of that good man to enable me to conceal from my father the grief it occasioned. I was now nearly fifteen, an age at which we are perhaps more susceptible of joy or sorrow than at a more advanced period; and in losing my father I felt I should be the most destitute and forlorn being on earth.

"Oh, Mr. Morton," cried I, while tears streamed down my cheeks, "how happy should I be if Heaven would take me with my dear parent—who, on earth, if I lose him, is there to love, or care for the poor Ellen?"

"Doubt not the care of Heaven, my dear child," replied he, "you have already had an instance of its goodness, in the Providence that conducted Mr.

Fitz-Maurice to this place; in him you will find a second father, and when I tell you, that since the death of your mother, Mr. O'Hara's life has been a burthen to him, you will not, I am sure, selfishly wish him to remain in a world in which he must be miserable; but remember, my dear Ellen, while he is here it must be our task to smooth his way to that abode of peace, where he will join the beloved of his heart, and her children. Your mother, my love, gentle as she was, had great strength of mind. You are like her in person—try also to resemble her in disposition, and endeavour to support yourself under this heavy affliction; if not for your own sake, at least for your poor father's."

Nine months passed over, and so deceitful was the disorder, that I still cherished a lingering hope that he might recover.

One day the newspapers were brought in—it was my usual task to read them to him, but being at work, he bid me not put it aside, for he would look over the papers himself. He had not read long, when he fell back suddenly in his chair. I flew to assist him, thinking he had fainted. What was my horror to find all my efforts to recover him vain! I was carried to bed in strong convulsions, and for some days I continued insensible to the misery of my situation.

The good Mr. Morton, during this interval, paid me every attention, and as soon I was able, had me removed to his own house. He concealed from me for some time the cause that had accelerated my father's death, but finding I abandoned myself to the indulgence of a sorrow as useless as it was pernicious, he thought that the disclosure of it might have some effect in rousing me from the stupor of grief into which I had fallen.

Mr. Fitz-Maurice had ventured largely in support of a brother merchant, to whom he had for years been a sincere friend, and on whose honour he would have staked his existence. He received the intelligence of this man's flight, and of the failure of a speculation from which he expected immense profit. At the same moment, by this double blow, he was completely ruined, and in a fit of despair, put an end to his existence.

The intelligence of his death, and the dreadful circumstances which occasioned it, were detailed at length in the newspaper; and the shock he experienced in reading it, accelerated, no doubt, the death of my father.

I was now literally a beggar, and of all creatures the most helpless, as I knew not in what way to earn a mouthful of bread. I at first shrunk from Mr. Morton's proposal of applying to my aunt,

as I well remembered my father had declared he never would seek in her a protectress for his child; but Mr. Morton's representations of the necessity of informing her of my actual situation, at length conquered my repugnance.

He wrote her Ladyship the particulars I have told you, my dear Charlotte, and begged her answer as speedily as possible. It came indeed too soon. In a manner the most unfeeling, she said she was very sorry the imprudence of Captain O'Hara had left his daughter in a situation so destitute. She was herself extremely unhappy as she had just lost her lord. Miss O'Hara must be perfectly unfit, from the recluse life she had led, to mix with the circle in which her Ladyship lived. The only thing therefore she thought that could be done, was for Miss O'Hara to remain in Wales. She might board and lodge for

thirty pounds a-year, which her Ladyship would pay, and perhaps among the neighbouring farmers meet with an offer of marriage.

This *kind* letter was accompanied with a ten pound Bank note. All my respect for Mr. Morton's opinion could scarcely prevent my returning this *magnificent* donation; and as to continuing to live on her Ladyship's bounty, I declared I would starve sooner.

" Patience, dear child!" said Mr. Morton, in answer to my passionate expostulation with him on the propriety of returning the money—" This woman's pride will grant what her humanity refuses."

" Humanity is a stranger to her breast," interrupted I. " Did she possess any, could she so long have neglected my dear, dear mother?"

" That she does not possess much of the milk of human kindness, is, I am

afraid, for your sake, my poor Ellen, but too evident," replied he; "but you shall not waste your youthful days in the seclusion pointed out by her Ladyship. I have a sister in London, who has for many years been respectably established in the millinery business. From her connexions I have not the smallest doubt she could speedily procure you a situation as companion to a lady. Though a state of dependence is always irksome, you would, I think, be much happier in literally earning your bread, than in deriving a mere existence from the bounty of a relation whom you must despise. I am much mistaken too if a communication of this plan to he Ladyship, does not induce her to receive you herself."

"Oh, no, dear sir!" cried I, "for Heaven's sake, let us have nothing more to do with this woman. Any protection

is more congenial to my feelings than hers."

"Your feelings, my love," said he, "must give way to propriety. Under the protection of Lady S———, and acknowledged for her niece, as you must be, if she receives you, there is at least a chance of your being suitably established, which, in the situation I have mentioned, there is scarcely a hope of. You have yet to learn, dear Ellen, that in that world you are about to enter, a young woman with the greatest beauty and accomplishments, without the adventitious aids of fortune, or high connexions, may wear away her life in celibacy. Those days in which men sought only for birth, beauty, and virtue, in a partner for life, are over; and of all the motives that induce men of the present day to marry, disinterested love is least likely to influence them."

"And, poor as I am," cried I, "I would not marry any man who was capable of having me from any other motive."

"You are a little romantic girl," said Mr. Morton, "but time will correct all that; and now, my Ellen, I must answer your aunt's letter."

That he might be at liberty to do so, I retired.

CHAP. V.

Pride grants what humanity refuses—Lady S——— consents to receive me sooner than her family should be disgraced *by one of its branches* earning *her bread—Mr. Morton escorts me to Elm Grove—Lady S———'s behaviour—Curious matrimonial proposal—Another offer of marriage—Struggle between prudence and inclination for the credit of seventeen—The former triumphs—I become Mrs. O'Gorman—A marriage of prudence turns out one of misery—Some curious scenes, which end in my eloping.*

Mr. Morton communicated to Lady S——— the plan he had in view for me, and respectfully, but firmly informed

her it was my determination to pursue it. A life of total seclusion, he observed, at my age, was a prospect too gloomy to look forward to with patience; and the neighbouring farmers, though they might be very worthy men, were not, certainly, a race of beings among whom I was likely to find a husband.

The daughter of Captain O'Hara and Clara O'Brien had certainly a right to look higher, however destitute she might be of fortune. He begged leave to assure her, that notwithstanding the total seclusion in which I had lived, my manners would be no disgrace even to her Ladyship's circle.

The care which his lamented friends had taken to form my mind, had not been ill bestowed; and though I had yet to acquire the glare of fashionable manners, I was neither ignorant nor unpolished.

This letter produced a concise answer from her Ladyship. She could not by any means approve the plan he mentioned, but she supposed as Miss O'Hara had made up her mind, her approbation was of little consequence. She however desired to know what name I intended to assume, as she could not imagine I would retain my own.

"I thought this," said Mr. Morton, when he read the letter; "this woman would sooner you should pine away your youthful days in obscurity, than disgrace her family by *earning* your bread."

In his answer he expressed himself greatly surprised at her Ladyship thinking I should change my name. "Deception," he observed, "never answered any good purpose; and I had not indeed occasion to practice any, since my being in a dependant situation was not occasioned by any fault or imprudence of

my own. However sorry I might, and indeed would be, to offend her Ladyship, on this point my resolution was not to be shaken, though I should be happy to pay every deference to her opinion on any other."

The latter part of the letter I could indeed well have excused, for to say the truth, I did not feel inclined to pay her Ladyship any compliment; but Mr. Morton observed, as my only relation, it was proper to treat her with respect, where I could do it without giving up the right I undoubtedly had to think for myself—and to his opinion I submitted.

The next post brought an answer from her Ladyship. Without replying to the objections I made to give up my name, she merely said she should in the course of a few weeks go to Ireland, and then she would receive me. In the

mean time, she supposed I would have no objection to remain where I was.

I answered this letter by Mr. Morton's desire, and with every expression of gratitude and respect, accepted her Ladyship's protection, ungraciously as it was offered. Much as I loved Mr. Morton, who had been indeed a father to me, I was not sorry to quit Wales. The misfortunes I had suffered there, had given me a dislike to it, and I had enough of the *amor patriæ* in my composition to rejoice in an opportunity of re-visiting dear Ireland : but when I pictured to myself the reception I was likely to meet with from the haughty and insensible Lady S——, my spirits again sunk in despondency, and for many nights I retired to bed only to water my pillow with tears.

Never can I forget the affectionate kindness of Mr. Morton, who, by every argument that good sense and the most

tender friendship could devise, endeavoured to console me.

"Should you, dear Ellen," said he, "find your situation with her Ladyship insupportable, you can still put in practice your former plan. There is some hope of recovering a small pittance of that sum entrusted by your poor father to the care of the late unfortunate Mr. Fitz-Maurice, and even should that not be the case, humble as my means are, it is in my power to prevent your suffering pecuniary inconvenience. If you are obliged to leave your aunt, you will, of course, go directly to my sister, who will, I am sure, be happy to receive you; and till you can meet with a situation to suit you, remember, dear Ellen, you are to consider me as your banker."

You, dear Charlotte, have been always surrounded by friends to whom you were most deservedly dear. You cannot, therefore, with all your sensi-

bility, conceive my feelings at this moment; deprived as I was of every natural tie, how wretched should I have been but for the goodness of Heaven, in thus raising up for me a sincere and disinterested friend.

I tried in vain to thank the generous Mr. Morton, but words were denied me. The good man imprinted a parental kiss upon my cheek, and saying he hoped to see me more cheerful, left me.

My father's half-pay died with him, and previous to his purchase of our little property in Ireland, he had sold his annuity. At the time of his death, a few guineas was all we were possessed of. That, and the sale of our furniture, defrayed the expenses of his funeral, and left a small sum in Mr. Morton's hands.

With this good man I had resided since I lost my father. Lady S——

had indeed said she would pay for my board, but Mr. Morton was above accepting any pecuniary return, and any other her Ladyship did not choose to make.

In about two months from my answer to her letter, Lady S——— wrote again to say she was at Elm Grove, and to desire I would join her as speedily as possible. Mr. Morton and myself had expected that she would have at least informed me, that on my landing I would find her woman or some other confidential domestic in readiness to convey me to Elm Grove, but there was not a hint of the kind.

This neglect I could see hurt Mr. Morton very much, though he affected to pass it over as the effect of forgetfulness; and indeed, he said, it was of no consequence, since he would himself have the pleasure of placing me under the protection of her Ladyship.

My preparations for the voyage were soon made; but bitter indeed was the task of bidding farewell to a spot that contained the remains of those most dear to me. Mr. Morton did not attempt to check the first transports of my grief. He mingled his tears with mine; and when my agony had a little subsided, I gratefully returned thanks to that Almighty Being who had given me such a comforter.

Our trip, though a rough, was a safe one. We landed at the Pigeon House, and from thence proceeded immediately to Dublin. We found excellent accommodations at Gillegan's Hotel, in Mary Street, where we remained for two days to rest after our fatigue, before we went to Elm Grove.

It was my first visit to the metropolis, and however inferior in size, and perhaps in magnificence to London, Dublin may be, it is yet striking enough to be con-

sidered well worth seeing by travellers; and in the eyes of a partial native, you may believe its beauties were sufficiently conspicuous.

Mr. Morton had been in Dublin some years before, but he was much pleased with the various improvements that had taken place since then. The new squares in particular, he said, vied in beauty with those of London.

I am still Irishwoman enough, dear Charlotte, to think we have *one* street that may, without offence to the metropolis of the United Kingdom, be said to surpass any in it—I mean Sackville Street (our Mall). Its breadth, length, and the regularity and beauty of the houses, as well as the very extensive prospect it commands, certainly render it a very noble street, and I have heard travellers observe, they never saw any abroad surpass it.

The third morning we set out for

Elm Grove—and here let me do justice to England, travelling in Ireland is infinitely more expensive, and by no means so convenient or pleasant near the metropolis. Indeed, the roads are good but a distance of forty or fifty miles, and the traveller finds roads, chaise, and horses equally execrable.

I once laughed heartily at an arch intelligent boy, about twelve years of age, who brought me a caricature of Irish posting, and with much *naiveté*, asked me, whether it was any thing like. The roof of the chaise, I remember, in the caricature, is thatched with straw, and an old woman beats the horses with a red-hot poker to make them go on.

Appearances, indeed, are not *quite* so much against us, but I must honestly own I have found the reality not much better. The carriages are the most crazy vehicles imaginable, and very often but a bad defence against the weather.

The horses are generally very poor creatures, hard worked and badly fed. But the greatest inconvenience is the being obliged to stop every two or three miles, in order to have the chaise repaired, for there is something or other perpetually wrong; and, as Mr. Morton laughingly said, a provision of nails, packthread, &c. should be the first thing a traveller ought to think of in Ireland.

The inns, indeed, are by no means so bad as they have been represented. It is true they are not equal in point of accommodation to the English, nor is there that nice attention to cleanliness, which is here every where observable, but the people fly about to get you what you want, with an alacrity and cheerfulness that you will not find in England, unless you travel in style.

Elm Grove is situate a few miles from Monaghan, which we reached in the evening. Mr. Morton did not choose

to intrude on her Ladyship's hospitality that night. A few hours the next morning carried us to the scene of my mother's infant years.

You will easily imagine, dear Charlotte, the sensations I experienced on viewing the house of my grandfather, and remembering I was about to enter as a dependant. When the servant announced us, my heart beat in a manner I cannot describe to you. We were received by Lady S——— with politeness, but with a *hauteur* the most chilling. She was still a fine woman, and her mourning dress gave a look of interesting softness to her features, which they would otherwise have wanted. She thanked Mr. Morton formally for his care of me, and said, in a tone perfectly unmoved, that I was extremely like her late sister. Spite of myself my eyes filled with tears at this mention of my poor mother.

Lady S——— condescended to give Mr. Morton an invitation to make some stay at Elm Grove, but this he politely declined. During the day, my aunt's behaviour continued the same—not a single expression of regard or tenderness once escaped her. She called me Miss O'Hara, and treated me with all the polite formality of an utter stranger.

Mr. Morton, before he took his leave the following morning, had an hour's conversation with me in private. After saying every thing he could to reconcile me to my situation, he again repeated his former benevolent offer, and praying Heaven to bless and protect his dear child, parted from me with tears.

When he was gone, I felt indeed forlorn. I sent a respectful message to her Ladyship, with a request that I might be suffered to pass the rest of the day in my own apartment, well aware from my aunt's coldness, that any thing like

sorrow would be considered by her as an unpardonable crime. I strove to meet her at breakfast the next morning with apparent cheerfulness. I found in the course of the day, from some words she dropped, it was her intention to live very retired until her mourning was expired.

Her jointure was a very good one. Economy therefore was not her motive; and it was some time before accident discovered to me what had for a few months induced her to give up amusements of which she was extremely fond. Two or three of the most respectable families in the neighbourhood, were visited and received by Lady S———, and to them I was introduced; and my aunt did condescend to say, that considering I had never seen any thing of the world, my behaviour was not amiss.

I had been at Elm Grove nearly three weeks, when, one morning, Mr.

M'Laughlin was announced, and never was I more surprised than at seeing a man of vulgar appearance and clownish manners, received by my stately aunt with great graciousness. She told him she had sent for him to consult about a purchase she had some thoughts of making of a small parcel of land, near Elm Grove, and as he knew the value of it much better than she could be supposed to do, she would thank him for his advice in the business, and with the utmost courtesy she hoped his good mother and sister were well.

If this creature had none of the politeness, he certainly possessed all the ease of our modern men of fashion. He answered her Ladyship without the smallest embarrassment, and accepted very frankly her invitation to dinner. I could see that she expected him to have been highly obliged by her politeness, and was not a little disappointed that he

seemed to consider it as a thing of course.

Our dinner party was increased by a Mr. O'Gorman, a gentleman I had never before seen. He was a widower, and a pleasant gentlemanly man, rather past the meridian of life. Lady S——— talked to him a vast deal about her son, then abroad, and all her dear friends in England; but her high connexions and all the parade she made of them, had no effect on Mr. M'Laughlin—he eat his dinner with an amazingly good appetite, and paid infinitely more attention to her Ladyship's excellent Madeira, than to her laboured description of the last grand *fête* given by her particular friend the Duchess of ———.

At an early hour in the evening, this animal took his leave; and as soon as he did, Mr. O'Gorman, who was, I found, an old acquaintance, enquired of my aunt, where in the name of Heaven

she had picked him up. She evaded the question, and merely said, that in his way he was useful, and she wanted him to buy for her the land I mentioned to you. As I afterwards learned his history, I will now tell it you.

The father of Mr. M'Laughlin began life in the very humble occupation of going about to fairs and markets, buying and selling rabbit-skins. By this business he amassed a sum that enabled him to take a small shop, which he opened with a stock of commodities pretty similar to those described by Lord Duberly, in Colman's excellent comedy, 'the Heir at Law.'

Unremitting industry, and the greatest parsimony, soon enabled him to take a better shop, and to exchange his bacon, brick-dust, &c. for more valuable goods.

After nearly forty years spent in business, he died worth a considerahle sum,

which he bequeathed equally among his wife and children—the son, whom I have just introduced to you, and a daughter.

Mr. M'Laughlin still kept the shop, though not without telling all his acquaintance he could give it up when he pleased, and be a warmer man than most of his neighbours. He was not ashamed, he said, of the manner in which his father made a fortune, and he actually kept the pole which the old man used to hang his rabbit-skins on, when he went to sell them at the neighbouring markets or fairs; which pole, together with its history, he generally introduced after dinner, whenever he had company, to the great annoyance of his mother and sister, who would have been content to let the story rest in oblivion.

Lady S——— did not seem in any hurry about the purchase she talked of

making, but she wanted to see Mr. M'Laughlin frequently to *consult* on the subject. She did not, however, choose to affront the few families of respectability with whom she associated, by inviting him with them. But Mr. O'Gorman, who was on a visit in the neighbourhood, frequently dropt in at the same time, and as he needed little invitation to stay, his pleasant manners were some relief from the coarse familiarity of the other.

About a fortnight after we had been *honoured* by the frequent visits of Mr. M'Laughlin, I was sitting at work in the drawing-room alone when he entered. You know, dear Charlotte, I am fond of the ludicrous, and probably in a happier frame of mind should have enjoyed this man's character extremely, but since I had been with my aunt my spirits were much depressed, and I had

an appearance of gravity that was not natural to me.

Mr. M'Laughlin, to my extreme surprise, began to compliment me in a curious style. I had much ado to forbear laughing; but saying I knew my aunt wished to see him, I rose to ring for a servant.

"Stop, if you please, Miss," said he, "we are much better without the old lady yet awhile, for I have something very particular to say to you."

"Surely the man don't mean to make love to me," thought I, resuming my seat, and in an ironical tone requesting to know his commands.

"Oh, I have no commands at all at all—only a bit of a favour to ask of you, miss," replied he, "the whole of the matter is this—your aunt, my Lady, who for a lady is a pleasant body enough—to be sure, there are people who think she

is as proud as the *divil*, but my maxim is, praise the ford as you find it; and I must needs say she has always behaved in a *viry* condescending manner to me."

"But, sir," impatiently interrupted I, "what is all this to the purpose?"

"*Viry* much to the purpose, as you will find, if you will only listen to me," cried he. "Your aunt, my Lady, and myself have been thinking and consulting about you."

"About me!" cried I, all astonishment.

"Yes, miss," said he, "about you—I have been looking out for a wife for some time, and I can't but say I am quite taken with your modesty and *soberness*—to be sure you have nothing, for what my Lady offers is next door to it; but as you are none of the fine flaunting, extravagant madams—and moreover, as I like you, why, you see, we'll never mind the matter of money.

I *mane* to give up the shop, and Peggy will live with my mother—so you'll have every thing your own way, and a good husband into the bargain."

Indignation had kept me silent during this curious harangue; but the man drawing his chair close to mine, and taking my hand in his, brought me to my recollection in an instant.

"Pray, sir," said I, "did it never occur to you that my consent was necessary in this business."

"Oh, there can be no doubt of that, all things considered," said the brute, with a most satisfied grin.

"You are mistaken," replied I, "and if you want a wife I would advise you to apply to some one more suited to yourself, since whatever opinion you may have of the value of money, I don't think *you* will find it an easy matter to purchase the hand of any woman of fa-

mily;" and without waiting for a reply I left the room.

Mr. M'Laughlin did not stay dinner, and I observed an unusual cloud on the brow of Lady S———.

When the servants were withdrawn— "I am astonished, Miss O'Hara," said her Ladyship, "at your very strange behaviour to Mr. M'Laughlin this morning."

"Had that absurd man then really your Ladyship's sanction to insult me?" said I.

"Insult you, Miss O'Hara!" replied my aunt—"I am at a loss to know how a man of fortune *can insult* a girl not worth a shilling, by an offer of marriage."

"But that girl is your Ladyship's niece, and the descendant of one of the first families in the kingdom," replied I, "and if such a man as M'Laughlin was

worth millions, I would reject him with scorn."

" Upon my word you are completely in the clouds, Miss O'Hara," cried her Ladyship, " but I must tell you it is my will you marry Mr. M'Laughlin."

" And I must tell your Ladyship that no power on earth shall induce me to form so degrading a connexion."

" We shall see that," said my aunt— " at present I will dispense with your company."

I gladly retired to my own room, to shed those tears pride had prevented from bursting forth in the presence of my haughty aunt.

I have told you, dear Charlotte, that pride of birth is one of the strongest prejudices of the Irish. It is one from which I am now tolerably free; but at that time I was strongly impressed with it.

An offer of marriage from a man of almost any rank, under royalty, would not have appeared to me in the light of a compliment. You may conceive then how grossly I must have felt myself insulted, by an animal so truly contemptible as this M'Laughlin presuming to aspire to the hand of Ellen O'Hara, and fancying that the money acquired by a retailer of rabbit-skins, was to purchase him a wife, sprung from a race of princes. I could laugh now at the indignation I then felt; though it was natural enough in a girl brought up as I had been.

The next day I was again formally interrogated by her Ladyship, whether I would listen to reason, and the worthy Mr. M'Laughlin; but she found me as unreasonable as ever. My obstinacy, as she termed it, threw her so much off her guard, that from some words she dropped, I found my marriage with

M'Laughlin had been a plan formed by her Ladyship from the moment she took me under her protection, and that she came to Elm Grove on purpose to execute it.

The timidity of my manners, and my extreme youth, made her believe that she had no opposition to expect from me, and her disappointment was proportionably great.

Finding it to no purpose to argue the matter with me, and that the threat of withdrawing her protection was received with calmness, she condescended to entreaties, and as even these were not successful, she ordered me out of her presence in a rage.

On leaving my aunt, I strolled into the garden, where I had not been long when I was joined by Mr. O'Gorman.

"Will you, dear Miss O'Hara, forgive me," said he, "but I have just heard a piece of news, which, unless confirmed

by you, I cannot believe,—is it really possible that M'Laughlin has proposed himself to you, and with the approbation of your aunt?"

"It is even so, sir," said I, coldly, not a little mortified at his knowing it.

"Astonishing!" replied he, "what can induce Lady S——— to think of so preposterous an alliance for you?"

"To get rid, I suppose, of an indigent relation," was on my lips, but I suppressed it.

"And can it be that obedience to your aunt will prevail on you thus strangely to sacrifice yourself?" continued he.

"No, sir," returned I, "were my dear father alive, he would never listen to the proposals of such a man as this M'Laughlin, and nothing could influence me to act in a manner that I am certain he would have disapproved; but

may I ask how you came by your intelligence?"

"From M'Laughlin himself," said he, "who complains heavily of what he calls your shyness; but I fancy he trusts to the influence of Lady S—— for gaining his point."

"He will find himself mistaken," thought I, as I turned to the house.

Mr. O'Gorman walked for some time at my side in silence. The intelligence he gave me of M'Laughlin's intended perseverence hurt me exceedingly. I saw no way to escape him but by flying to London; and lost in a reverie on the difficulties of such a step, I had forgotten Mr. O'Gorman was at my side, till looking up, I found his eyes fixed on me, with an earnestness that covered me with blushes.

"You will think me a strange presuming fellow, I am afraid, Miss

O'Hara," said he, " if I ask whether your determination against M'Laughlin is irrevocable."

" It certainly is, sir," said I.

" I cannot but admire and approve your spirit," cried he, " but I fear you are not aware of the difficulties you will have to encounter with your aunt. She has, I know not why, promised M'Laughlin you shall be his."

" He cannot marry me without my own consent, I suppose," said I, " and that I will never give."

We were now near the house.

" May I entreat you would return into the garden," said Mr. O'Gorman, " there is something I much wish to say to you, if you will honour me with your attention."

I complied.

" You appear to me, Miss O'Hara," continued he, " equally amiable and sensible."

I bowed.

" Believe me, I take as great an interest for you as I should for a daughter. From the very great disparity of years between us, a proposal of marriage from me might not be much more acceptable than M'Laughlin's."

He paused, but I made no reply, and he continued—" Could you resolve to accept my hand, it would be the study of my life to render you happy. Lady S——— wishes, I know, to get you married; and though in point of fortune M'Laughlin is infinitely my superior, I have no doubt of her approbation, if honoured with yours; but I would by no means seek to influence her in my favour unsanctioned by you."

" I feel grateful for your generosity in this point, Mr. O'Gorman," said I, " but to give you an immediate answer is impossible."

"I do not wish one," said he, "and be assured I will acquiesce without a murmur, in your determination, however disappointed or unhappy it may render me."

Lady S———'s appearance put an end to our conversation. Mr. O'Gorman staid dinner, after which I retired to my own apartment, to write to my revered Mr. Morton. I wished to apprise him of my situation, and to have his advice in what manner to act.

Mr. O'Gorman was at this period upwards of fifty, and I was barely seventeen. Neither his person or manners were any thing remarkable. He seemed possessed of plain sense and good humour. Any degree of actual *preference* for him was completely out of the question; but contrasted with M'Laughlin, he appeared every thing amiable. It is true, I would have given the world not to have been under the necessity of

marrying; but when I considered the alternative was to rush into a world where I had not a single friend, I shrunk from it in terror, and firmly determined to follow the advice of Mr. Morton, whatever that might be. Though to say the truth, I hardly doubted it would be to accept Mr. O'Gorman, and I was right.

"A marriage to which you feel a decided repugnance," said the worthy man, "I never could advise you to embrace; but if Mr. O'Gorman is not disagreeable to you—if his manners and disposition are such as to give you a fair chance for happiness, situated, my dear Ellen, as you are, you will do wisely to accept him. As to M'Laughlin, he is not worth a thought, nor do I think any thing could justify your sacrificing yourself to him. I have given you my opinion, but I by no means wish it to influence you. I write by this post to

my sister, and should you feel that an union with Mr. O'Gorman cannot render you happy, do not hesitate a moment in coming to her."

I read this letter with tears—to be happy in an union with Mr. O'Gorman, was, I feared, impossible; but yet I felt no prepossessions for another. Esteem on my side, and kind and respectful treatment on his, might, I thought, enable me to be tolerably content—perhaps vanity had some *little* share in reconciling me to this marriage, for I will own to you, dear Charlotte, I was a little proud of my *prudence*, and of shewing Lady S——— I was not the foolish romantic girl she termed me.

The day after I had received Mr. Morton's letter, Mr. O'Gorman called; he found me alone, and with much delicacy begged to know whether he might venture to hope. He received the news of my determination in his

favour with a degree of transport that I thought would have been more suitable in a younger lover; but I checked the idea, and gave him the permission he requested, to immediately speak to my aunt.

Her Ladyship's consent was very easily obtained, and now that I was rid of the man, I was not a little diverted at the behaviour of M'Laughlin, who came on purpose to remonstrate with her Ladyship about his disappointment.

As she had no reason now to keep on good terms with him, she behaved in a manner that sent him away swearing if her niece resembled herself he had had no loss.

Within one month after Lady S——'s approbation was obtained, we were married. If I was writing a novel I might amuse you with all the sad pre-sentiments of my mind, and the various *unlucky*

omens that attended my nuptials; but in truth, nothing of the kind took place. Mr. O'Gorman's behaviour had in a great measure reconciled me to the thought of uniting my fate with his. I called too, all my fortitude to my aid, and determined not to pay him so ill a compliment as to give him my hand with any appearance of repugnance. I pronounced my matrimonial vows with calmness; and my stately aunt condescended to observe I behaved with remarkable propriety.

Mr. O'Gorman's fortune, though not large, was sufficient, in a cheap country like Ireland, to afford us all the comforts, and indeed many of the luxuries of life. He had a beautiful seat, about thirty miles from Elm Grove, and thither we went the day after our marriage. My clothes and some trinkets (though not of any value) had been her Ladyship's

present. We parted with, I believe, equal pleasure on both sides.

The few families of respectability in the neighbourhood of Ashdale, the seat of Mr. O'Gorman, paid their compliments on my arrival. Though I had been used to a retired life, I felt that I should like society, and was happy to find that my neighbours appeared pleasant and social people.

The first visits being paid and received, Mr. O'Gorman talked of taking me to Dublin, after some little time had been given, as he said, to domestic happiness. I soon found his idea of domestic happiness consisted in my never seeing any body but himself. Before we had been married he considered me as a sensible young woman, but now he seemed inclined to think me a mere child.

He was, however, in his way, very

fond of me. I was his good girl—his pet, and should certainly see the world in *proper time*. Thus passed the first three months.

I had with pain observed an inclination to the bottle, but hitherto it was not carried to any excess. To my equal grief and surprise I found it rapidly encrease, and soon became a settled habit. Mr. O'Gorman, though he disliked the idea of my having any society, yet found it necessary, he said, to keep up some intercourse with our neighbours, and this could only be done by having male parties, which were seldom over before one or two in the morning, and then he would stagger up to bed with the agreeable intelligence for me, that he had drank six bottles, and left half his guests under the table.

To a woman of any delicacy you may, dear Charlotte, conceive how disgusting a repetition of such conduct must be,

For some time, however, I bore it in silence. At last I ventured gently to remonstrate with him, and urged as an excuse for my doing so, a fear that his health must ultimately suffer. You will believe how severely mortified I was, when he told me not to make myself uneasy on that head, for during the life of the former Mrs. O'Gorman he made it a rule for twenty-five years, never to go to bed sober. I could hardly believe my senses at such an avowal, from a man who had appeared to me perfectly sensible, and well bred before I married him.

After this declaration I thought it most prudent to hold my tongue, and leave him to sacrifice to Bacchus, without troubling myself about the consequences.

Unfortunately for me, Mr. O'Gorman now took a fancy to become very miserable, from an idea, he said, that I had

not married him for love, and that he was now perfectly odious to me. In vain I assured him that it depended entirely on himself to secure my heart; and though I had honestly told him I was not in love when I gave him my hand, yet the regard I felt for him was sufficiently strong to make me do all in my power to render him happy; but he was determined not to be happy. All of a sudden he took it into his head I had used him very ill, in marrying him at all, when I could not return the passionate love he felt for me, and it is not a little strange, that though he lived in a state of almost constant inebriety, the few sober intervals he allowed himself were spent in teasing me into a passion for him.

It was in vain that I appealed to my conduct towards him; that he declared was insupportable—always attentive, always calm and rational—if I loved him

it would be different—I would be jealous of every body, and every thing to which he seemed inclined to be partial.

"So I am," said I to him one day. "I am exceedingly jealous of your *penchant* for the bottle."

Well, he owned he was too fond of it, but my indifference was the cause, (he had forgot the curious confession I mentioned to you, and I did not remind him of it,) but I should see he would reform, and then we should be the happiest people on earth.

For two days he was actually sober; but though I strove by every means in my power to amuse him, yet as I could not act the *tender* wife in a style he liked, the third night he indemnified himself for this little restraint, by being hurried to bed at three o'clock in the morning.

For some little time I was insensible to this shameful behaviour. Mr. Mor-

ton, my good, I might say my only friend, died suddenly—if any death could be called sudden, to a man whose whole life was spent in preparing for the grave.

Mr. O'Gorman's conduct on this occasion rendered him equally odious and contemptible in my eyes—instead of sympathising with me in grief, so just and natural, he actually *abused* me for it, and declared if I had a proper regard for him I could not so deeply regret the loss of any other being in the world.

An account of all the extravagancies of which this man was guilty, my dear Charlotte, would fill a volume. Sufficc it to say, that in a little time, I found myself a miserable slave to a brutal tyrant.

The keenness of my feelings for a short period actually threatened my reason.

Secluded from the world, and deprived by death of the only friend I had in it, I looked forward with horror to the continuance of an existence the most miserable.

This state of suffering at length subsided in an apathetic calm. The reproaches and abuse of Mr. O'Gorman indeed would sometimes rouse me from it; but the natural haughtiness of my temper enabled me, whatever I felt, to treat him with a cold contempt, which provoked him more than the utmost violence could have done.

I am fond of children, and at different times had a fine boy, about three years of age, the son of one of our tenants, for a few hours at Ash Dale, when Mr. O'Gorman was not at home.

One day he returned unexpectedly, and found the boy with me. Had it been a gallant I could hardly have felt more confused, as I knew favourites of

any kind were contrary to his express order. He did not, however, appear displeased, and little William, by his childish prattle and caresses, won upon him so far that he condescended to say I might have the boy whenever I pleased. I took care to make frequent use of his permission, and William was sometimes allowed to sleep at Ash Dale. I had now been nearly twelve months married, and Mr. O'Gorman's behaviour was daily worse. To the catalogue of my crimes, ingratitude for his *goodness* in marrying me was added, and he frequently indulged himself in the most bitter sarcasms, on what he now styled my insolent rejection of M'Laughlin.

One morning while he was haranguing on this subject, my spirits were unusually low, and I could not refrain from tears. William entered, and seeing me weeping, threw his little arms round me, and bid me not cry, at the same

time asking why I did so. Mr. O'Gorman, in a voice of thunder, desired him to leave the room. The child, who was uncommonly intelligent, said, "No, I will not, for if I do, you will make poor Mrs. O'Gorman cry again. You naughty man, you use her very ill."

This speech, which I suppose the boy had picked up among the servants, all of whom had at times been witnesses of their master's brutal behaviour.

Nearly distracted, Mr. O'Gorman, with passion, he accused me, in the most ridiculous manner, of vilifying him to every body, even to that infernal urchin, as he termed the poor child. I sent a servant home with my little disgraced favourite, whose visits were from that hour prohibited.

With all his mad and turbulent behaviour, Mr. O'Gorman had hitherto refrained from inflicting on me manual chastisement; but even this unmanly

and cruel treatment, I at last experienced: I had a little spaniel, of whom I was very fond—in the early days of our marriage, Mr. O'Gorman had half jestingly said he was jealous of it, and latterly I made a rule never to caress it in his presence.

One day, when I thought he was gone out for the morning, I seated myself at a parlour-window that looked into the garden, and took a book—Fidelle came frisking about me, and jumped into my lap. The little animal, by a thousand tricks, tried to attract my attention, and at last succeeded. I threw down the book, and began to caress and talk to her. While I did so, Mr. O'Gorman entered, and was at my side before I perceived he was in the room.

"You lavish on your dog, madam, those caresses of which you don't think me worthy; but I will at least have the

pleasure of dashing his brains out;" and before I could prevent him, he seized my poor Fidelle, and flung her out of the window.

My passion for the first time, overcame my reason, and I burst into the most bitter reproaches. I was silenced by a box on the ear, that threw me into strong hysterics, which continued long enough to frighten Mr. O'Gorman into a belief that I was likely to escape his tyranny.

Medical assistance was called in, but it was some days before I recovered. Whether it was the blow, which I certainly deeply resented, or whether his conduct to my poor Fidelle, (which, in spite of myself, impressed me with an idea that he only wanted opportunity to serve me in the same manner,) which of these notions had the greatest influence in fixing my resolutions to leave Mr. O'Gorman, I cannot tell, but I was

astonished the thought had never before occurred to me.

"Young as I still am," thought I, "there is nothing to prevent my changing my name, and passing for a single woman. By going to London and doing so, I may most likely succeed in the plan formerly chalked out for me by my dear lamented Mr. Morton."

Any idea of obtaining a legal separation from my husband I well knew would be vain. I thought only therefore of making my escape; but how to obtain money I was sadly at a loss, the trifle I had in my possession being wholly insufficient for my purpose.

When I was able to appear below, Mr. O'Gorman condescended to apologize for his behaviour, and desired me to let it be buried in oblivion. For some days I thought of a thousand plans of escape, which I successively rejected. I never had travelled alone, and I was

certain if I ventured to post it, Mr. O'Gorman would trace me. Money too, the grand requisite, was wanting. What I had hitherto had from Mr. O'Gorman was merely to purchase any thing I wanted.

It occurred to me, from his present good humour, that a fancy for some new fashions would probably be gratified, and I was right. He gave me a kiss and fifty pounds, which he said, would, he supposed, buy me gewgaws enough for some time to come.

I had now the means, if I could but fix on the manner of my escape; but how to do this I was at a great loss. I wished too, exceedingly, for a female companion in my flight, and at last determined to make a confident of the girl who waited on me.

She had always appeared much attached to me, and I knew had relations in Dublin. To her therefore I discovered

my scheme, at least as much of it as related to my going to the metropolis, and found her very willing to accompany me.

As to our mode of conveyance we were equally at a loss. At last Kitty said, if I could by any means make shift to ride upon a car, she knew a man who had one, and a very good horse, and it was not above three days journey.

I readily agreed to this plan. Kitty gave me warning the next day, as she said, for the purpose of returning to her parents, who resided a few miles from us, and whom she pretended, wished her to return home, as her sister was about to be married. She packed up for me, with her clothes, all the best of mine, and a few trinkets.

Mr. O'Gorman had not been liberal to me in this way, so that I did not possess any of value. I considered that as

soon as I was missed, I would probably be pursued. The next thing, therefore, to think of, was, whether I could remain any where in the neighbourhood for a day, as I then thought I might proceed in safety.

This point also Kitty managed for me. The carman's cabbin offered us a secure asylum. It was upwards of three miles from our house; but I was an excellent walker.

Mr. O'Gorman had for some days behaved tolerably, and I was fearful it would be some time before a renewal of his customary evening potations would give me an opportunity of executing my plan. I was luckily mistaken. He found himself under a *necessity* of accepting an invitation to dinner, ten miles off, and should not return till the next day. That night I sent the domestics to bed at an early hour, and soon after left the

house, accompanied by Kitty. We were joined by the carman, and he conducted us to his cabbin.

My recent indisposition, and the terror I could not help feeling at the step I had just taken, made me very faint when I reached it. The wife of our host had an excellent fire, and the appearance of the cabbin, though by no means equal to an English cottage, was, for Ireland, very comfortable.

A burst of tears, as soon as I was seated, in some measure relieved me. Mrs. M'Dermot was so sorry she had nothing that was good to ask my ladyship's honour to take, but if I could get down the least drop in the world of whiskey, I'd find it quite a cordial. Though I wanted *spirits*, (excuse the pun) I felt no temptation to accept the good woman's offer. I had indeed in a few minutes a more refreshing beverage.— Kitty, who knew better than myself,

what sort of accommodation we were likely to have, had put up some tea and sugar. A bason of warm tea, and a little rest, if I could obtain any, would, I thought, do me good; and I accepted Mrs. M'Dermot's offer of her bed for myself and Kitty.

In vain, however, did I court the favour of the drowsy god. I never closed my eyes, and the morning found me harassed and unrefreshed. To a question of Kitty's, whether I meant to remain in Dublin, I replied that I should proceed immediately to England. I had before told her I should part with her when I reached the metropolis. Our host, who heard my reply, said, "Sure, and begging your pardon, you may go over the water a much nearer way."

"How so?" enquired I.

"Why, your ladyship's honour has nothing to do but to go down to the Point, which is just hard by, and you are

over in Liverpool in no time at all, at all."

It had not occurred to me that we were but a few miles distant from Warren's Point. The passage from thence to Liverpool is not indeed generally thought so safe as going by the head; but I did not mind the risk I ran in escaping, as long as I could escape.

CHAP. VI.

A trip across St. George's Channel—I land safely on English ground—Singular character in a Stage Coach—A practicable *proposal for civilizing the Irish—I reach the Metropolis—My reception from Mrs. Dalton—Introduced to Mrs. Maxwell—A morning walk in the Park—Physiognomy—Offer of Mrs. Maxwell to obtain me a situation—A would-be Woman of Fashion*

We reached Warren's Point but a few hours before the packet sailed, and I had no difficulty in getting a passage. I

rewarded the carman, and my faithful Kitty, with a liberality more consistent with my spirit than my means, though, in fact, I thought myself tolerably rich. Ignorant as I was of the various calls I should have upon me for money, I had now, dear Charlotte, completely thrown myself upon the world, with the bitter reflection, that by not doing so before I subjected myself to the most shameful treatment, and formed a tie which might involve me in a thousand difficulties.

Deeply did I now regret the cold prudence which induced me to accept Mr. O'Gorman's hand, and when I recollected that through his means I was a wretched wanderer, my spirit rose against him with a degree of bitterness it is impossible to describe.

While I was lost in reflection, the weather suddenly changed, and we were menaced with a storm, which soon came

on, acompanied by the most dreadful thunder and lightning I ever witnessed. What strange creatures we are. Not two hours before, and I thought I should have met death with pleasure.

"What on earth," said I, "have I in this world to hope?"

Yet now I supplicated the Almighty as ardently for life, as if my prospect of happiness had been the most brilliant.

For some hours the wind blew right against us, and we were driven considerably out of our course.

At last, when hope seemed to have almost wholly forsaken us, the violence of the storm abated, and we reached Liverpool in safety.

The Captain of the packet recommended me to an excellent hotel, the mistress of which, behaved to me with much attention. I went immediately to

bed, and for some time lost in a sound and refreshing sleep, all sense of my forlorn situation.

When I awoke, which was not till late in the evening, I ordered tea—my hostess came to know how I was after my fright, which, for so young a traveller, and alone too, she observed must have been very great.

By this good woman's advice I secured a place for the following evening, in the Liverpool stage, which sets out at six o'clock for London.

The next day I devoted to rest. Several of the London papers were sent me by my attentive hostess, and looking over the various and singular *wants* with which they abound, amused and enlivened me a little.

"Surely," thought I, "in a metropolis, where people of all ages and descriptions seem so obtain employment, it is impossible I can starve, with youth,

health, and some few natural talents; even if I am disappointed in my present hopes, surely I shall find it no difficult matter to earn my bread; and any subsistence, honourably, however hardly acquired, must be preferable to the wretched situation I have quitted."

I reflected on our recent escape, which the Captain had told me was almost miraculous; and beseeching Heaven to pardon my repining spirit, I promised a due submission to its decrees in future.

My fellow travellers in the stage were plain decent people, except a gentleman, who appeared above the common class. He was middle aged, and very plainly dressed; but there was a polite ease in his manners, that convinced me he had been used to good company.

When we came to the very handsome seat of the celebrated advertising Doctor S——, which is really a noble

building, Mr. Harvey, the gentleman I have mentioned, gave me some curious anecdotes of its owner. As I wished to turn my thoughts from my own situation, and am naturally frank and communicative, I readily entered into conversation with him, and found he was extremely pleasant and intelligent.

As I mentioned being just arrived from Ireland, a lady who I afterwards found was the wife of an eminent tripe-seller, exclaimed—"Oh, lauk! and *monsus appy* you must be, to be sure, to get away with your life from such cruel blood-thirsty *creters* as them there *Hirish* are!"

I assured her the rebellion was long since over, and the country perfectly quiet. But though from my having just left it, I certainly *ought* to know—this good woman could not credit my information; she told me, that her

usband, who was a great *pollytician,* always said, " that the *Hirish* never would be peaceable unless Government was to have all the grown-up people transported over seas, and then, by sending some *Henglish* over to properly *hedicate* the children that were left behind, in another *hage* they might be a little *horderly.*"

This very wise and practicable plan for civilizing my poor country, by nearly unpeopling it, struck me in so ludicrous a light, that I burst into a fit of laughter, which very much offended its fair proposer.

Mr. Harvey ironically told her, he thought the idea an excellent one, and perfectly easy of execution; and if her husband would communicate it to the Minister, beside the pleasure, which, as a true patriot he must feel, in being of such essential service to both countries, he would no doubt be handsomely rewarded by Parliament.

This speech quite delighted the good lady, and she declared she longed to be at home to tell Mr. Higgins to do so directly.

She now favoured us with a long harangue on the general wickedness and bad conduct in every respect of the *Hirish*, and above all, their shameful *hignorance*, which she declared was shocking. "For her part, she never could be thankful enough to God, for being born in a Christian country, and having had the best of *hedications*. What, indeed, was any body without it?"

"Very true, ma'am," said Mr. Harvey, "for when house and land are gone and spent, then *larning* is most *hexcellent*."

"Sir!" triumphantly interrupted Mrs. Higgins—"Yes, yes, that's a maxim I always keeps in mind; and though my children are likely to have *ouses* and

lands, or money enough to buy them, I am determined they shall *ave larning* too. To be sure it was a long time before I could bring Mr. Higgins into my way of thinking, though he is a very sensible man, but sometimes a little *hobstinate.*

"Wife," says he, "I don't see any occasion for the girls to be great *scholards*—with pretty faces and plenty of money, the'll get *usbands* without your *parley-wow*, I warrant you.—But, Lord, sir, when I saw in the newspapers that Kitty Spriggins, the daughter of my old acquaintance, whose husband was then Lord Mayor, had been to Court, and that her dress was the most *grandest* and *beautifulest* of any there, and that the papers said so much about her *helegance*, it struck me directly as my daughters were as likely to be Lady Mayoresses. What a loss it would be to them not to be accomplished and able

to behave themselves properly in such a *conquest* of grand folks.—And when Mr. Higgins found my mind was set upon their being polished, he consented that I should send them to boarding-school; and I must say, the money wa'nt thrown away, for there is not two more *cleverer* girls no where to be found. Young Mr. Stilton (a neighbour's son of *ourn*, a *monsus* genteel young man,) said to me the last night but one that ever was, 'Mrs. Higgins,' said he, 'I *wow* and declare your daughters are perfect *hangels*. As for Miss Letitia, it does one good to hear her talk French, for she speaks it in the most *fluentest* way: and Miss Maria's *hexecution* on the *pianor* is *perdigious*.'—Indeed, and I'll assure you, sir," continued the loquacious dame, "he is a *wery* good judge."

"I have no doubt of it, ma'am," gravely returned Mr. Harvey. "Indeed, your daughters must, with the educa-

tion you have given them, be extremely accomplished, if they are possessed of your understanding."

"Oh, sir!" replied the delighted Mrs. Higgins, "I am sure you are most *monsus* polite—but pray, Miss," turning to me, "how long were you in Ireland?"

"About a year and half, madam," answered I.

"And what part of *Hengland* may you be come from, if I may make so bold?" enquired she.

"I am a native of Ireland," replied I.

"A native!" said she, "dear me, I should never have thought you were an *Hirish* woman."

"I should imagine my accent would betray me," cried I.

"Indeed you are mistaken," said Mr. Harvey, "you are perfectly free from the brogue."

"Dear me, altogether, you don't

look like an *Hirish* person;" again observed Mrs. Higgins, at the same time surveying me with very minute attention.

I asked whether she had been much acquainted with Irish people. She owned she had not, but she always heard they were very queer sort of folks—and besides, she hated *foreigners*—not that she meant to offend me, for I was a very pretty sort of young body, that she must say, and *monsus* genteel, considering I was *Hirish*.

I told her I could not accept of a compliment at the expense of my countrywomen, the higher classes of whom, I assured her, were as polished and elegant as those of any nation whatever. On this point I found the good woman was determined to be an infidel. She begged my pardon, and repeated her compliment to me. "But one swallow," she observed, "did not make a sum-

mer;" and she never would believe the *Hirish* in general were like other people: Indeed how could they?—if it was only the strange out of the way manner they talked in—for when she went to buy *wegetables* in *Common* Garden, she never could make out what they said.

I could easily have answered, that in some parts of England she would have the same thing to complain of, but I considered my opponent too ignorant and prejudiced to be worth a reply. I could not help thinking as I surveyed the fair, broad, unmeaning countenance of Mrs. Higgins, how amazingly strong is the dominion of prejudice in common and uncultivated minds. This woman had just been accusing a whole nation of depravity and ignorance, in language more vulgar and ungrammatical than the lowest native of that country would have used; and, on the strength of the newspaper accounts, "That on such a day,

a party of Irishmen created a riot in St. Giles's, or the Borough." She set them down, to speak in her own language, as "the most cruel and blood-thirsty creatures on earth."

The opinions of such a being are not worth a thought; but I am sorry to say, that the last Irish rebellion has even in minds of a superior class, created an idea that the Irish are naturally cruel. No supposition can be more unfounded. Their passions, indeed, are extremely strong, and when roused by what they conceive injurious treatment, they are certainly capable of any excess.

The dreadful massacre at Scullobogue has been frequently, and with some appearance of truth, urged as an argument in support of this opinion, but that transaction, so disgraceful to human nature, arose entirely from the influence of superstition.

Let me beg of those people who de-

claim on the want of humanity in the Irish character, to look back to the massacre of Saint Bartholomew in Paris, and then, dispassionately say, which reflects most disgrace on the national disposition. The one sanctioned, planned, and partly executed by the heads of the people; or the other, committed in the frenzy of a moment, by beings of the very lowest class. I say nothing of the sanguinary actions that took place in the last French revolution—actions that would, in a romance, be censured as incredible; and whoever has the smallest acquaintance with English history, must, if they only look back to the time of our Henrys and Edwards, acknowledge that the chronicless of those days present us with anecdotes as disgraceful to human nature as any that occurred during the Irish rebellion. Yet, who ever asserted that the English were a sanguinary

people. Their clemency and generosity to conquered enemies, is well known and deservedly celebrated; and if the Irish were fortunately possessed of a little of that steadiness which characterizes their English fellow subjects, their humanity would never be doubted: but, as I have before observed, their passions hurry them beyond all bounds, and every care was taken by their artful and unprincipled leaders to stimulate them by aggravating all the miseries of their situation to a degree of frenzy.

But to return from this long digression. The conversation and polite attentions of Mr. Harvey, rendered my journey much pleasanter than it otherwise would have been. The very arch manner in which he contrived to draw out the really curious character of Mrs. Higgins, amused me not a little. I was always fond of the ludricous, though never I trust ill-naturedly so; nor would

I, for the sake of a laugh, hurt the feelings of any oue, however ignorant or low bred. But as Mr. Harvey appeared to every body but myself perfectly in earnest, in the compliments he paid the good lady, and the implicit deference he seemed to have for her opinions, I must own I was wicked enough to enjoy the pleasure she received from attentions to which I fancy she was not much accustomed.

One by one I lost my fellow-travellers. Mr. Harvey only remained when we stopped at the White Horse Cellar. It was about the beginning of May, and the town very full. The bustle of course attracted my attention, and for some time amused me, but I was soon lost in a melancholy reverie, the subject of which may be easily guessed.

All around me was bustle and apparent gaiety, and in the faces even of the poorest passenger, I fancied I could trace

an expresssion of satisfaction and content. The good resolutions I had so lately made, in spite of myself, gave way to a despondency the most gloomy. " I only," said I, mentally, " am alone and unprotected—every being that I see around me, however poor and wretched, has some kindred mind to sooth their sorrows, or participate in their joys—some affectionate heart to comfort, if not to relieve them under disappointments. I, only I, am an isolated and unhappy being, and was I at this moment to be summoned to my last dread account, no heart would regret, no eye would weep for me."

The influence of these reflections communicated itself I suppose to my countenance, for Mr. Harvey, in a tone of much kindness, observed, " the want of sleep, and the length of my journey seemed to have fatigued me."

I am not naturally romantic, but any

appearance of interest for me at that moment, was more than my feelings could support, and I burst into tears. I tried to check them, and pleaded fatigue as an excuse for the lowness of my spirits.

Mr. Harvey enquired whether I meant to go to the house of any friend—and on my saying, to Mrs. Dalton's, in ——— Street, he told me, I had better have my things taken out there, and have a hackney-coach to the place of my destination, at the same time offering his services to convey me there, which I readily accepted.

A coach was accordingly got, and I was soon set down at Mrs. Dalton's. I was received by a very decent maid-servant, who told me her mistress was not at home, but that she would be in the course of an hour or two, and readily consented to my stopping till she returned.

Mr. Harvey now took his leave, after politely hoping a little rest would quite restore me, and desiring to know whether he might have the honor of personally enquiring after my health the following day.

As I felt obliged by his attentions, and thought from his age, appearance, and manners, there could be no impropriety in it, I made no scruple of saying, I should be glad to see him.

In about two hours Mrs. Dalton returned, and very speedily convinced me of the truth of the latter part of an observation I have somewhere met with, "that the English are warm friends, but very distant acquaintance."

She was an extremely good woman, but, unfortunately for me, very prudish; and a woman's leaving her husband, was, I soon found, in her opinion, a step that nothing could excuse. She behaved, however, with civility, and

finding I had not dined, got me some refreshment immediately.

As the sister of my worthy Mr. Morton, I wished to stand well in her opinion, and after dinner gave her a concise account of Mr. O'Gorman's treatment of me. She allowed it was hard to bear, but still he was my husband, and if there was a possibility of our being reconciled, perhaps he might behave better. This hope I told her was vain, and nothing should induce me to again put myself in his power, a resolution the good woman did every thing she could to combat. She called in the aid of Scripture, several texts of which she quoted. At last, finding me inflexible, she desisted from urging the matter further then, though I could see it was a point she did not mean to give up.

I retired to bed more disappointed than I cared to acknowledge to myself.

From Mr. Morton's account I could not doubt Mrs. Dalton's being a very good woman, but there was something so cold in her manner that it chilled me directly. I had heard indeed that the English in general were reserved, but I was not prepared for a formality so forbidding. I endeavoured, however, to comfort myself with a hope that it would wear off, and the want of sleep, from the time I left Liverpool, procured me an excellent night's rest.

It was late the next morning before I awoke. Soon after I had breakfasted, Mr. Harvey enquired for Miss Cunningham (the name I had assumed). He complimented me on looking so well after my fatigue; told me the news of the day; and after a visit of about three quarters of an hour, took his leave.

Mrs. Dalton had been called out of the room a few minutes after he entered,

and did not return till he was gone. She begged my pardon with much gravity, for the liberty she took, but she understood that I had no acquaintance in London. I told her she was very right; that I knew nothing of Mr. Harvey, but from having travelled with him from Liverpool.

"I don't know what the manners of Ireland may be, ma'am," replied she, with no small portion of vinegar in her aspect, "but young ladies here, never make acquaintances in any such way."

I was not a little nettled at a remark that implied an impropriety in my conduct, of which I certainly was not intentionally guilty; but as I had sense enough to recollect that I was ignorant of the manners of the country, and indeed had seen too little of the world to be able to judge for myself, I merely replied, that he had behaved with much politeness and attention to me, and from

his age and appearance I did not think there was any impropriety in suffering him to call; but I certainly did not wish to make an acquaintance of him, and should desire the servant to deny me if he called again.

"You will do very right, ma'am," said Mrs. Dalton, whose countenance cleared considerably during my explanation. "The world is very censorious, and you ought to be particularly careful, as being a married woman." Then followed a long string of arguments on the subject of my returning to Ireland; but I was determined to cut this matter very short.

I listened to all Mrs. Dalton had to say, and when she had ran herself out of breath, I mildly, but firmly told her, nothing on earth should prevail on me ever to live with Mr. O'Gorman. That I would sooner submit to the meanest drudgery for a subsistence, than return

to him; and, as I thought, the sooner I set about obtaining a situation the better, I begged her advice in what manner to proceed.

Though the first part of my speech did not quite satisfy Mrs. Dalton, the latter seemed to please her. She said, with more cordiality than she had yet shewn, that to be sure I must be the best judge as to a situation. She would make every possible enquiry, and did not doubt she should soon hear of something that would suit me. In the mean time, if I could put up with her accommodations, I might board and lodge, or lodge only, if I preferred it.

I chose the former, and we immediately agreed upon very moderate terms. The next thing to be thought of was a recommendation, in case I should obtain a situation, as Mrs. Dalton feared hers might not be of sufficient consequence, and people were very nice about character.

I confess the blood of the O'Hara's rose a little at this last observation, and a saucy speech was at my tongue's end; but, as Lady Townly says, 'I made a great gulp, and swallowed it.'

After considering the matter a little, Mrs. Dalton recollected a lady, the widow of an officer, who lived, she said, in a very genteel style, and who would do any thing to serve her. To this lady she would introduee me as a young friend of hers from Ireland, and she had no doubt, on her account, Mrs. Maxwell would recommend me.

This business being all settled, gave considerable ease to my mind. The next morning Mrs. Dalton took me to ——— Street, where Mrs. Maxwell resided. I found her a very pleasing, genteel woman, about fifty. She was Scotch, and retained just enough of the accent to discover her country.

As soon as Mrs. Dalton opened the

business on which we came, she said it was the luckiest thing in the world. A lady, a friend of hers, wanted a companion immediately, and if I liked the situation, she was sure I might have it. The lady, Mrs. Mortimer, she said, was to dine with her, and she thought if I stopped dinner, I would have an opportunity of judging how I liked her, and if I did, Mrs. Maxwell would speak for me immediately.

I thanked her for this kind and considerate proposal, but said I must return home to change my dress.

Mrs. Dalton took her leave, quite pleased. I meant to accompany her, but Mrs. Maxwell said she would herself walk home with me.

During our visit, Mrs. Dalton had appeared to me in a more pleasing light than before. The manner in which she had spoken of Mrs. Maxwell, and the pleasure she expressed on seeing her,

convinced me that she was as likely to prove the truth of the former, as the part of the observation I have quoted, that 'the English are warm friends but distant acquaintance.'

Mrs. Dalton was a gentlewoman, though misfortune had obliged her to seek a support from her own industry. She was left a young widow with two children. Mrs. Maxwell, then a single woman, and some years older than her friend, was truly concerned at her situation, but she did not content herself with pitying—she set about amending it.

Mrs. Dalton had great taste in dress. Mrs. Maxwell took her a house, lent her money to purchase a stock in trade, and by dint of advertising for, and recommending her, soon succeeded in getting her established in business.

Mrs. Dalton, notwithstanding her reserved temper, had a grateful and affectionate heart. She could not have

borne, though reduced to the utmost distress, to have depended for support on the bounty of Mrs. Maxwell; but she felt in its full force the value of that friendship which enabled her to render herself independent and comfortable.

Mr. Brewer, the Goldsmith of the present day, most justly observes, that 'Pecuniary assistance is probably one of the meanest offices of friendship. To put the man that you esteem in a way to exert his own talents and capabilities to advantage, is more extensive benevolence, and the obligation to him, though greater, is less burthensome.'

The truth of this just and elegantly expressed sentiment, was proved by our two friends.

Mrs. Maxwell was not so fortunate, as she deserved to be, in marriage; but though the profits of a few years industry enabled Mrs. Dalton to return the

pecuniary part of her obligations to her friend, at a time when Major Maxwell's embarrassments rendered the money peculiarly acceptable; yet she could never in her own opinion, discharge the debt of gratitude due, for assistance so kindly and delicately given.

But to return from this long digression. "We shall have a very late dinner, Miss Cunningham," said Mrs. Maxwell. "I am myself in that respect, as well as many others, an unfashionable old woman; but my friend Mrs. Mortimer, is the very quintessence of *ton*. To oblige her, therefore, I have ordered dinner nearly three hours after my usual time. The day is delightfully fine, and if you have a mind for a stroll through the Park, you will have quite time to do so; and to make a little alteration in your dress before dinner."

I said I should have great pleasure in

attending her, and we set out. Mrs. Maxwell met a variety of elegant people, to whom she was known, and of whom she gave me some little anecdotes. Her sprightly remarks made our walk appear very pleasant, and she laughingly observed, we were as intimate in about an hour as two *downright* English women would be in a year.

"But you must not," said she, "judge from appearances, for they are very often deceitful. When you come to know us a little, you will find our hearts warmer than our manners."

"I have no doubt of it," returned I. "But to say the truth, one fault, which I must endeavour to correct, is the very prejudice you speak of. I am too, a disciple of Lavater, and though I have been once or twice disappointed in the opinions his system has taught me to form of people, yet I can't wholly give up my skill in physiognomy."

"Heyday!" cried she, "you give a good account of yourself—two of the very worst prejudices you could have to make your way through life; but if you can free yourself from one, I mean judging from appearances, we shall soon cure you of the other. Expression of any kind, is, at present, voted a *bore*, and the countenances of people of fashion would puzzle Lavater himself."

As she spoke, a gentleman passed, who turned round and fixed his eyes intently on me. Unused to encounter the fashionable stare, I coloured, and cast mine down.

"That is Lord ———" said Mrs. Maxwell, "who is universally acknowledged one of the handsomest men of the day."

"Is he, madam?" cried I.

"How mortified he would be," said Mrs. Maxwell, "if he heard that question; but we shall meet him again, and

then I beg you'll take a peep, and tell me what your favourite Lavater would have said of his handsome Lordship."

We did meet him several times, and notwithstanding my *mauvaise honte*, I did manage to slyly scrutinize the really striking and regular countenance of this modern Adonis.

"Well, my dear little Lavater, in petticoats, what do you think?" said Mrs. Maxwell.

"Upon my word," replied I, "I don't know what to say,"

"What the deuce, not love at first sight, I hope?" said Mrs. Maxwell, laughing; "his Lordship's brilliant eyes; have, to be sure, done wonderful execution in their time."

"Oh, no," cried I, "my heart is not made of such penetrable stuff, I assure you—but jesting apart, though I subscribe to the general opinion, and allow his Lordship to be unquestionably very

handsome, yet there is in his countenance an expression I don't like."

"I think he looked very grave this morning," returned she.

"That is not what I complain of," said I; "there is a contraction of the brow, which denotes ill-nature, and this opinion of mine is strengthened by a total want of benevolence about the mouth, beautiful as the formation of it is."

"My dear girl," cried she, "you really carry your theory to a fanciful excess—Lord ——— is yet very young, but I have never heard that he was deficient in good-nature. Believe me, your thinking so, arises merely from his looking unusually grave."

"I won't dispute the point with you, dear madam," said I.

The promenade now began to get thin, and we returned home. Mrs.

Dalton's house was in our way to Mrs. Maxwell's, and she said she would leave me there to dress. As we walked along Piccadilly, Mrs. Maxwell desired me to look at the magnificent mansion of his Grace of Queensbury. In raising my eyes, I accidentally cast them on a gentleman who was walking towards us, apparently absorbed in thought.

" Look, madam, "said I, eagerly, to Mrs. Maxwell.

" At what, my dear ?" cried she.

" At this gentleman," said I ; " observe, I beg you, the expression of the face."

" I do observe that he is gravity personified," said she.

" And don't you see any thing more ?" replied I ; " don't you remark, that grave as he is, there is a look of uncommon benevolence in the countenance, and the fine turn of the eyebrow, denotes strong

sense and genius? I wish he would look up though, for I want to see his eyes."

At this moment he passed without raising them.

"What a romantic girl you are, my dear Miss Cunningham," said Mrs. Maxwell—"'tis a pity the gentleman did not look up. In addition to sense and genius, you have given him benevolence already, and no doubt the cardinal virtues would have followed, if he had handsome eyes."

"I confess my folly in this respect, madam," replied I; "but in truth, I have some excuse—Lavater was my amusement, at a time when I had no other; and so seducing is the study of physiognomy, that it soon became a passion; and though I am afraid you will think me strangely ridiculous, I would stake my life, that that gentleman

possesses sense and benevolence in no common degree."

We were now arrived at Mrs. Dalton's.

"If you will not be very long at your toilet," said Mrs. Maxwell, "I will wait for you."

I thanked her, and promised to be expeditious. I soon joined her below stairs, and we returned to ——— Street.

When Mrs. Maxwell had dressed—"I don't know whether you will pardon me, my dear Miss Cunningham," said she; "two or three hours chat, has, if I am not mistaken, made me tolerably well acquainted with your character, and if you are what I conceive, you will not be offended at what I am about to say."

"I am sure I shall not have any reason," replied I.

"When Mrs. Dalton introduced you

to me this morning," continued she, " I thought immediately of Mrs. Mortimer, and as it is a situation that would by most young people be considered desirable, I offered you my assistance to obtain it. What I have since seen of you convinces me Mrs. Mortimer is not a protectress that you would be happy with. I do not say this to deter you from accepting the situation, if you like the lady, but merely that you may not conceal your opinion of her from a wish to compliment me."

I thanked her, and could not help mentally wishing it was possible for me to meet with such a woman as herself.

Somebody says, that the half hour before dinner, is, in England, the most irksome part of the day. Our guests, beside Mrs. M———, were two young ladies and their father, relations I found of the late Mr. Maxwell. Frank and conciliating as Mrs. Maxwell's man-

ners were, she could not succeed in drawing the young ladies into social chat—cold monosyllables were the only replies they made to her observations, and she was reduced to the necessity of discussing with the father, the high price of provisions (the only subject which seemed to interest him), in order to keep up even the appearance of conversation.

Dinner had waited some time before Mrs. Mortimer arrived. I expected to see a woman whose person and manners were elegant, but I was mistaken; her figure was short, fat, and coarse; her features were, or rather had been tolerably pretty (for she was nearly forty), but totally devoid of expression. Her manners I thought were the most unpleasant I ever met with; they were at once coarse and haughty.

"Can this," thought I, "be a sample of women of fashion—if so, how mis-

taken have I been in the idea I had formed of them."

Mrs. Maxwell's dinner, without parade, was perfectly elegant and well ordered, and her manners to her guests equally attentive and polite.

"I don't know how you manage it, but your little dinners are really delightful," said Mrs. Mortimer, in a tone of great condescension.

"I am glad you think so," returned Mrs. Maxwell—"little dinners have at least the charm of novelty to you."

"Why, yes," replied she, "the bustle I am compelled to live in, absolutely wears one out. I told my friend, the Duchess of ———, the other day, that I should positively endeavour to escape into Westmorland, (we have a seat there you know) in order to recruit, unfortunately I am all nerve; but her Grace declared she could not consent to lose me,

and if I did elope, she would bring down a party, and storm my castle.

"She is really a pleasant creature—'tis a thousand pities she games so high."

This speech was drawled out in the coarsest, but most affected accents.

Though Mrs. Maxwell had introduced me as her particular friend, and the rest of the party I found were formerly known to Mrs. Mortimer, she did not condescend to notice any body but the mistress of the house, for some time. At last, turning suddenly to me—"You really rouge very decently," cried she, "it looks quite a natural colour—I can put it on monstrous well myself, but its vulgar to do so now. You can't wear too much for the fashion."

"I fancy not," thought I, "if we are to consider your face as a sample."

"My young friend don't rouge," said Mrs. Maxwell, replying for me.

"Don't she; then for Heaven's sake let her begin immediately, 'tis a horrid *bore* to be seen without—every creature wears it, except a few obsolete animals, whom nobody knows."

"I beg your pardon," said Mrs. Maxwell, I could instance you a few women of high rank who never wear any."

"Oh, I know who you mean—but poor antideluvian creatures, they have nothing *but* rank to recommend them; they are quite sent to Coventry by a certain set."

"Do you recollect the fable of the fox and the grapes?" said Mrs. Maxwell, archly; "the ladies I mean would do honour to any set."

"Because they don't rouge, or play at cards on a Sunday, I suppose," said Mrs. Mortimer, sarcastically.—"You really grow quite a Methodist; pity we have not a female society for the

suppression of vice—'pon my honour, you would make an admirable member."

"Without considering *what* I would make," said Mrs. Maxwell, good humouredly, "let us turn to the point in question. A profanation of the Sabbath-day never can on any ground, I think, be defended. With respect to wearing rouge, I am not a lyric; all I contend for is, that 'tis a pity to spoil a good natural complexion—where that is not the case, I see no more harm in it than in wearing powder; and now having conceded thus far, we will, if you please, call another subject."

The remainder of the visit passed without any thing worth mentioning, and had I omitted this stuff you would probably have thought it no loss; but I wished to give you some idea of the manners of this woman before I related her history.

Mrs. Maxwell, at parting, said she would look in upon me the following morning.

On my return home, Mrs. Dalton enquired how I had spent the day, and was delighted to find me so pleased with her friend.

Mrs. Maxwell called at an early hour the next day.

"Well," said she, "was I right or not—shall I speak to Mrs. Mortimer?"

"Not for the world, dear madam," said I; "I see plainly I shall never do to live among people of fashion, if they all resemble her."

"I have led you inadvertently into a mistake, my dear Miss Cunningham," said she—"Mrs. Mortimer possesses a very large fortune, and gives the best dinners in town. She is of course, as the phrase is, received every where, and dresses, plays, and throws away her money as extravagantly as any Duchess

we have; but these are her only claims to the character of a woman of high fashion."

"I am very glad of it," said I, "for to say the truth, I don't at all like her."

"Nor I either," replied she, laughing, 'though she is my friend,' as Sheridan says; but when you are acquainted with this woman's history, you will not wonder that her manners are deficient in polish; and this history I shall make the subject of another chapter.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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